TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The parliamentary committee to enquire into the conduct of Rykert of Lincoln has at last given a unanimous report to the effect that his conduct was "discreditable, corrupt and scandalous." That similar conduct has been quite common among members of parliament, that some of those who raised their hands in holy horror over the Rykert case are themselves corrupt and dishonest, we cannot doubt. But proof is hard to find, even if public opinion is satisfied of their guilt. It is seldom a man is so thoroughly convicted out of his own mouth or by the work of his own hand. The result may have a salutary effect if it leads the boodlers to believe that toleration of such offences against the independence of parliament and the decencies of public life has ceased. I fear, however, it will simply teach rascals to be more careful how they write compromising letters. This certainly will be the case if, after the exposure of his scandalous conduct in confiscating Bremner's furs, General Middleton is permitted to retain his rank and office, while the country is forced to compensate the half breed for the property which was stolen from him under the pretence of military law. To my mind General Middleton's offence is as serious as the Cyprus Hills timber deal and more contaminating. The betrayal of the honor of his constituency by the St. Catharines lawyer was not, according to the result of the last election, felt by his supporters to be a very heinous crime. That the majority of the voters of Lincoln condoned his offence does not decrease its gravity, but suggests that a low standard of public morality, so prevalent in many sections of Canada, is largely responsible for the corrupt and scandalous conduct of so many parliamentary representatives. In General Middleton's case, he had the honor of the whole country to defend, he had the glorious history of many generations of soldiers as an example and the punctilious code which soldiers have always been esteemed to observe, he had in view the glory of a successful campaign and the rewards which a grateful nation has always seen fit to bestow on the heroes of its wars. He was not tempted by the personal expenses which politicians have to pay; the fear of want did not goad him into crime. His offence seems to have been caused by that bumptious and overbearing spirit which sometimes takes possession of a man clothed in unusual and unmerited authority. The confiscation seems to me to have been prompted by the vain impulses of a man whose idea of himself had been inflated to a point where his small sense of honor was insufficient to restrain him from tyranny and dishonesty. That his apologists plead his experience in India and China where confiscation was prevalent, but proves that his treatment of Bremner was not a hasty and unconsidered action but rather the result of a degraded idea of a soldier's prerogative. Canada will never submit to a continuance of his authority as general of our forces, and it is to be hoped that parliament will not endeavor to force him upon us or permit him to retire without disgorging enough of the money voted him to pay Bremner's just claim.

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It might be worth while for those who feel so strongly against public men who betray their trust to consider how they themselves are performing such trusts as devolve upon them in the course of their daily task. Conscientiousness is rare. Beginning at the lower grade, how many servants work for their masters and mistresses as if the task were their own? Would the cook waste as much as she does if it were food earned by herself that was being thrown into the scavenger's barrel? Would the parlor-maid break as much, tear as much, if the furniture were her own? Would the workman in the drain let his shovel be so long idle if he were digging for himself? Would the carpenter do so much smoking and so little sawing if the building were for himself? Would the bricklayer hurry a little more if he were building that he might enter in? Could a plumber be persuaded to turn the ventilating pipe into the wall and let the noxious gases escape through the house or fail to connect the down pipe with the drain if he expected to live in the house and see his wife and babies dying because of devilish greed which, to make five dollars of extra profit, is preparing a death-trap for unsuspecting tenants? Would doctors be as careless if they were as much absorbed in each patient as they would be in their own health or in a sick member of their own family? Would lawyers be as slothful in getting up evidence or make as many mistakes in conveyancing if their own fortune, instead of their clients' were at stake? Is the preacher as tardy in ministering to his own wants as he is in looking up the sick and afflicted in his flock? Is the newspaper writer as careful to speak well of others as he is anxious to be spoken well of himself? When we answer these questions each in our own sphere of life we shall be better able to pass judgment on those who are recreant to public trusts. We see so much disloyalty among employes—disloyalty to one another, disloyalty to their employers, utter recklessness as to what becomes of a business, entire disregard of what happens so long as it does not happen to the ones whose duty it is to be honest and painstaking, that we are forced to believe that the majority of mankind are far too selfish, narrow, and cruel to be absolutely honest. Indeed, it is doubtful if absolute honesty exists. Many are honest in money matters who cannot, if they try, tell the truth about their neighbors. Men are sometimes honest in their religion and crooked in their business; others are straight in their business and crooked in their religion, in their morals and perhaps everything else. Only the perfect man—and he doesn't exist—will do right in everything. It is lamentable that more effort is not made to teach a more conscientious regard for our daily task and the good of others. It is not only the best method of making the life of others happy and secure, but it is the shortest cut to success. Temporary profit may be made by dishonest methods, but the scandal which follows is certain to destroy the pleasure of possessing ill-gotten wealth. The employe receives the most rapid advancement who is loyal to his employer, whether that employer be a private person, a corporation or a community, provided always that he has average ability. The man whose coat is on before the third stroke of the noon-time bell is observed as afraid to give an extra moment to his task. The public man who limits his duty to what he must do, who is honest because of danger of detection should he do wrong, will be marked as an unworthy servant.

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In everyday life, in every sort of transactions, there are men and methods answering to the description of Charlie Rykert and the Cyprus Hills timber limit deal, and we don't have to go far to find General Middletons who are day after day confiscating the goods of men who are quite as defenceless as the poor half-breed was, all of which goes to show that those who framed the old-fashioned prayer, asking that we be kept from "picking and stealing," were pretty good judges of human nature.

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The death of the woman known as Torrance obtrudes upon us a view behind the scenes which may afford a warning to the thoughtless, but it is much more apt to mislead foolish girls than to put them on their guard. The gorgeous wardrobe, on which the newspapers lavished much space, may excite the envy of those who are now engaged in honest toil and are robed in shabby gowns. Sometimes as we sit in the theater and the scenery is not well adjusted, we obtain a glimpse of the dreary, dirty and barn-like space behind the showy picture which charms the spectator, but the illusion created is what we carry away with us. The suicide of this painted woman, the revelation of misery which had made life unendurable, the verse of poetry descriptive of her fallen state, shows how hollow and dreadful must have been her life—a life which became unendurable even though she had so many gorgeous gowns and dwelt in luxury. Yet the young and giddy would have been better off if they had heard less about it; they are apt to remember the gay illusion and forget the glimpse of moral nakedness and misery.

* * *

As we read the bitter attacks made upon political candidates and consider the amount of labor, expense and personal abuse they must undergo, it seems astonishing that anyone can be persuaded to undertake such a thankless task. Yet even to those who make vows that it shall never happen again, when the season comes about and the electricity of an election fills the air, temptation to make a fight for their favorite principles or even their favorite name appears to be overpowering. Financial profit is the result in less than one case in five hundred of those who offer themselves for election. It would be pleasant to imagine that the good of the country results in every instance of a person elected, yet it is doubtful if a controlling power over the policy of a party or much indirect influence on the future of the country can be traced to the presence in politics of one out of fifty. If, however, everybody avoided the task and a disinclination to become a target for the shafts of public satire or the object of partisan criticism seized upon all men, government would cease to be a popular institution and even that measure of life which is now infused into it by occasional contests would be followed by unbroken lethargy and the most flagrant abuse. Candidates are to be sympathized with rather than envied, and it is only fair, unless the contrary can be proved, to presume that their object is worthy and their impulses patriotic. The contrary, however, is the ordinary method of measuring their reasons. It is generally supposed that they have a sinister object, notoriety, personal preferment, or that the obtaining a measure of power moves them to leave the comforts of home life for the discomforts and harassment of a political campaign. A little more sympathy and a broader belief in the goodness which is to be found in every man might possibly encourage politicians to be more worthy of general confidence. DON.

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Old traditions of government policy die very hard. With scarcely a protest the Dominion Government has appropriated an extra $150 000 to be wasted, or worse, in encouraging immigration. Of course the usual promises as to careful discrimination, only sending out the right kind of settlers are lavishly made, but the people will be very foolish to believe a word of them. All is flat that comes to the immigration agents' net and as a result of this lavish expenditure and increased activity in the department our municipal authorities may prepare to accommodate an increased number of tramps and chronic paupers when the cold weather sets in. Perhaps the ministers really mean what they say in promising the country a "picked class of immigrants"—but the matter is beyond their control. The steamship companies do not care what the character of the influx is so long as they make the traffic pay—the agents naturally want to send as many people as possible in order to make a show of activity, and more than all the English sham philanthropists, busybodies and parochial authorities who take an interest in immigration and with whom the government immigration agent works, have a direct motive in shipping off the paupers and vagrants. Nothing is easier than to enter a squad of loafers from the slums of London or Liverpool as "farm laborers." The system is inspired rather by the desire of the English people to get rid of their superfluous population than any real wish on the part of Canadians to encourage an artificial influx which our experience has abundantly shown cannot be depended on to remain. The Dominion administration in this matter, as in many others, is acting in the interests of England instead of as representatives of the Canadian people. It would perhaps be unfair to blame them for so doing. We should rather regard it as one of the necessary disabilities of the colonial relation and a sacrifice which we are called upon to make, so long as Canada desires to continue that relation. It would be far better to put it fairly on this ground than to keep up the pretence that there is the slightest profit or advantage to the people of this country, or that the general interests and prosperity of Canada are in the remotest degree benefited by the lavish outlay for immigration purposes. The best immigration policy is simply to give the people good laws and institutions, to remove disabilities and burdens and render it possible for honest industry to prosper without being unduly taxed either by government imposts or privileged monopolists. The fact that sending immigrants into the Canadian North-West is a good deal like pouring water through a sieve, plainly shows that the great natural advantages of this region are offset by law-created disabilities, which tend to keep it sparsely populated. But in any event what benefit does the average citizen-farmer, merchant, laborer or mechanic reap from immigration, no matter how select or suitable? Increased population simply means increased competition and a harder struggle for existence. The highest average of comfort, the opportunity of living with the minimum of stress and strain is found where population is sparse—other things of course being equal. The only ones who benefit by immigration are the landowner and the monopolist. Now on what principle of justice can the people be asked to tax themselves to bring in competitors who will make it harder for them to live? This immigration delusion is the greatest folly that ever possessed a nation. The Americans have got bravely over it. Perhaps Canadians may become sane on the question in a quarter of a century or so. T.

ROSEBUDS.

Social and Personal.

The performances organized by the crack city corps and farewell engagement of the Kendals have pretty well monopolized the attention of society during the past week, so that even dinner-parties have languished and entertaining other than that which follows the play has been almost *nil*. Next week, however, there is to be a complete change of programme, for, although cards are not yet out I hear there is to be a dance on Thursday, while for Friday evening the fixture is a dance at Government House, and Friday and Saturday, as all the world knows, are the days of the Ontario Jockey Club's spring meeting at the Woodbine. The Governor-General, Lady Stanley and suite and Sir Fred and Lady Middleton will be among the distinguished visitors at these events.

*

Sir Daniel and Lady Renshaw of Chester, England, were in town this week. Sir Daniel and Lady Renshaw have left for the States, but expect to return to Toronto before the end of the month.

*

Miss McCaul returned to town this week from England after an absence of two years. Since leaving Toronto Miss McCaul has traveled a great deal and has visited South America, Australia and New Zealand.

*

Colonel Tisdale of Simcoe was in town last week.

*

Mr. William Hendrie, jr., of Hamilton was in town this week.

*

Mr. Hendrie, the elder, will bring his four-in-hand up from Hamilton, in order to take it out to the Woodbine on May 23 and 24.

*

Mr. J. B. Boyden of Hamilton was in town this week.

*

The Victoria Club is flying high, but the committee in charge of the arrangements for the ball to be given their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are likely to make the affair worthy of the occasion. Dr. Sprague is chairman of the committee, and Mr. Stuart Morrison is secretary, while some of the members of it are Col. Sweny, Mr. McMurrich, Q.C., Mr. A. M. Cosby, Messrs. Gamble Geddes, John Kay, Casimir Dickson, J. Wright, W. H. Cawthra, Ryerson, McMurray and Victor Armstrong.

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The Toronto Riding and Driving Club have had their constitution printed and have distributed copies of it to the members. The names of the latter are printed at the end, they number sixty-five, which is the limit agreed upon by the constitution.

*

Mr. Whatman of London, England, was in town last week. Besides being a director of the Bank of British North America, Mr. Whatman occupies the same position for the Provincial Bank of Ireland and the Bank of Australasia.

*

Mr. Usborne of Sydney, New South Wales, was in town this week. Mr. Usborne was a resident of Toronto many years ago.

*

Other recent visitors from Australia have

been Rev. Dr. Cameron of Sydney and Mr. Bruce of Brisbane.

The Misses Roselle of Bloor street returned to town this week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan of Hamilton were in town last week. At the concert at which she sang, Mrs. Mackelcan seemed to be in even better voice than usual.

Mr. and Mrs. English of St. John, N. B., are staying with friends on St. George street. Mr. and Mrs. English leave next week for Chicago.

Major Evans of Montreal was in town this week.

A marriage is announced, and will take place next month, between Mr. Ernest Heaton of West Toronto Junction and Miss Grace Attrill. This is a wedding in which society will be greatly interested. The bride and bridegroom will go to England for their wedding tour.

The Queen's Own entertainment of Monday evening drew a very fashionable house. The boxes were occupied by General and Lady Middleton, Col., Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Major and Mrs. Sankey, while that limited portion of the floor of the house which came within my vision contained the Messrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Miss Langton, Miss Fanny Small, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mr. McLennan, Mr. Drummond, Miss Arthurs, Miss Parsons, the Misses Bethune, Mr. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. Pauw, Miss Boulton, Miss Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who are at present residing at Chestnut Park, are fully sustaining the hospitable reputation of the house. There is much regret that Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are to go to Kingston for the greater part of the summer, so that Chestnut Park will be generally unoccupied until Sir David and Lady Macpherson's return in August.

Mrs. Greene and Miss Stewart of Orillia were in town last week.

The Misses Benson of Port Hope are staying with various friends in town.

Mr. Henry Jacobs of New York is staying with friends on Simcoe street.

The smartest house of the week was probably that which assembled on Thursday night to see the Kendals in Impulse, but the devil is impatient, and particulars must wait till next week.

On Wednesday evening a concert was given in Convocation Hall of Trinity College under the auspices of the Trinity Cricket Club. The attraction of the evening was the appearance of Miss Nora Clench in three violin solos, Romanza and Gique by Wieniawski, Hungarian Dances by Brahms Joachim and Garry Owen by Vieuxtemps. This was Miss Clench's third appearance before a Toronto audience this season. She is the same modest-looking maiden whom I met five years ago in a Toronto drawing-room, though she displays now a perfect mastery of her instrument, and her lengthened training abroad has matured her naturally brilliant talents. Miss Gilmour, Miss Chisholm, Miss Morgan and Dr. Crawford Scadding sang selections which were well received, while the Trinity Glee Club earned its meed of praise. Among those present were: Prof. Jones, Prof. Symons, Rev. E. C. Cayley, M.A., Rev. J. Broughall, Dr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. and the Misses Strachan, Mrs. Body, Mrs. and the Misses DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Ince, Miss Benson, Mr. C. Beatty, Mr. L. McMurray, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mr. Grayson Smith, Mr. Edward Martin, Q. C., of Hamilton, Mr. D'Arcy Martin, Miss Patteson and young ladies, Miss Veals and young ladies, Mr. Eddie Rutherford and Miss Mabel Gardner.

Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth gave a dinner party last evening for General Sir Fred and Lady Middleton.

Mrs. Watson of Georgetown is in town visiting her mother, Mrs. Crawford of Mutual street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlton and Miss Stewart of Hamilton are the guests of Mrs. J. Herbert Mason on Sherbourne street.

Mr. Reginald Capreol, the popular paying teller of the Imperial Bank, has been granted leave of absence for the benefit of his health, and sailed on Saturday last from New York by steamer Anchoria. In addition to a trip through England, he purposes visiting Mr. G. Hay Umphray of the Shetland Islands who accompanies him on the trip over.

This being the closing week of the season at the Academy of Music, Mr. Percival T. Greene, the manager, took advantage of the occasion to treat the employes of the house and the members of the Two Sisters company to a dinner, which took place at Harry Webb's last evening, after the performance. A pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. Charles A. Hirschfelder, the American vice consul, delivered an interesting lecture on The Antiquities of America, at Saint Simon's Church on Tuesday evening.

Crowded houses greeted the presentation of Turn Him Out and Trial by Jury on Tuesday and Wednesday. All laughed heartily at the amusing misfortunes of the "wrong man" who was so persistently turned out. His woes were more sympathetically considered than poor Lavender's were. In Trial by Jury the bride and her group of bridesmaids formed an attractive and unusual addition to the stereotyped scene at court. They all looked well in their effective gowns of white, heliotrope and yellow, and the ludicrous behavior of the dazzled judge and jurors could almost be pardoned. Foremost among those empanelled on the jury was the notorious McGinty with his hair of "Saxon gold" and his general air of bewildered activity.

"Everyone was there," said a lady in speaking of Tuesday night. I suppose they were, and among the many I noticed Miss Campbell, Miss Strange, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. McCrae' Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Miss Violet Seymour, General Sir Fred and Lady Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Commander and Mrs. Law, Miss Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. and Miss Cockburn, Mrs. Gelkie, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. Watson.

After the matinee those taking part were dined by the Grenadiers, while after the evening performance a delightful supper was tendered by the same hosts. Many of the officers were present, and some guests, among whom was Mr. Hendrie of Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald have returned from their wedding journey and Mrs. Macdonald received on Tuesday and Friday of this week.

Miss Alicia Cockrell, who has frequently contributed to SATURDAY NIGHT over the pen-name Idris, was wedded recently to Mr. James Robinson of Rat Portage.

The Upper Canada College games were well-attended in spite of the disagreeable state of the weather. The mothers, aunts, cousins and sweethearts were interested spectators, while the "boys" were out in full force, with their best behavior conspicuously worn to grace the occasion.

W. A. Gilmour won the championship of the college, the prize being a handsome cup presented by Miss Marjorie Campbell. Throughout the whole proceedings evidences of careful management were conspicuous, for which Messrs. W. M. Lash and A. F. Moren deserve much credit. Among those present were: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Commander Law, Miss Strange, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Wedd, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Mrs. A. N. Cosby, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Prof. Hirschfelder, Mrs. Arland, Dr. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. McMurrich, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Skae, Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. D. C. Ridout, Mrs. Edgar, Mr. Evans, Miss Wright, Miss Veals and young ladies, Mr. C. C. Fleming, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. J. Bryce Mundie, Mr. Cassells, Mr. C. Temple, Mr. Sewel, the young ladies of Moulton College, Dr. Harley Smith, Miss Dixon, the Misses Michie, Miss Thomson, Mrs. F. Scadding, Mr. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. Rolph, Mr. H. Wood.

Mr. T. Cook, son of Mr. T. T. Cook of King street west, leaves to-day by the Majestic for London, Eng., where he goes to complete his studies in electricity in the hospitals.

A lecture was delivered last night in the Canadian Military Institute by Major-General W. R. Cameron, C. M. A., the subject being Messenger Pigeons. The lecture will be noticed at greater length next week.

The Young Ladies' Society of Bond street Congregational church gave a well-arranged parlor concert last evening. The proceeds were devoted to the aid of Fireman Everist's family.

The lectures of George Kennan at the Pavilion, which began on Thursday evening, are a drawing card. Kennan's personality and the interest of his subjects have a wonderfully enthusing effect on his hearers. The Stanley of Siberia has tales to tell of even greater interest, perhaps, than the Stanley of Africa, who is now occupying so much of the world's attention. His last lecture here takes place to-night.

Art Notes.

Mr. G. A. Reid's picture, Dreaming, has been purchased by the Academy and will be hung in the National Gallery at Ottawa with his diploma picture, Mortgaging the Homestead, which he has presented to the Academy. The latter will be at the exhibition of the Ontario Society here.

The exhibition of studies, etc., by the Art Students' League which opened at their rooms in the Imperial Bank yesterday and closes this (Saturday) evening, is one of the best they have yet held and is well worth a visit. It is free to the public.

Among the artists elected associates of the R. C. A. this year is Mr. P. G. Wickson, whose clever picture of the young girl with the chickens was much admired when on exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Lady Macdonald, attended by a number of ladies, took up a position in the Parliament grounds last Sunday to see the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the Princess Louise Dragoons march past after church parade. The two corps, under the commands of Major Todd and Captain Gourdeau, looked remarkably soldier-like and her ladyship expressed herself as being delighted with the appearance.

The programme as regards the visit of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to the capital has been definitely settled. The Duke and Duchess will leave Montreal by special train about 9 a.m. on June 5 and will arrive in Ottawa shortly after midday. A guard of honor will meet the visitors at the depot and escort them to the Senate chamber, where they will be received by another guard and the civic address will be presented. Afterwards the distinguished pair will lunch with Sir John Macdonald at Earnscliffe and return to Montreal at 4.30.

There will be quite a *coterie* of cabinet ministers at Riviere du Loup this summer as Sir Adolphe Caron has just purchased a house there and intends fitting it up as a luxurious country villa.

The untimely death of Mrs. Cotton, the amiable spouse of Major Cotton of the N. W. Mounted Police which occurred in Regina on Monday, has cast a gloom over Ottawa society. The deceased lady was a daughter of the late Hon. Thomas White and sister of the present member for Cardwell. She left twin babies but a few hours old.

Under the active patronage of Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Featherston, Miss Gwynne and other well-known ladies the ambulance movement is assuming important dimensions. The subscriptions are coming in rapidly and it will not be long before the city is possessed of one of these most necessary vehicles.

Major Watson of the Public Works department, who suffered a stroke of paralysis two months ago, is sufficiently recovered to leave on a visit to friends in Montreal. Major Watson was the husband of that talented actress, Mrs. T. Charles Watson, whose sudden demise in New York about a year ago was so deeply deplored by her many friends in Ottawa.

Vice-regal entertainments are discontinued for the present, His Excellency and family being in mourning for the late Duke of Manchester, father of Lady Alice Stanley. A few cricket matches on the Rideau Hall grounds are the only amusements indulged in.

Her Excellency, Lady Stanley, accompanied by her son, Hon. Robert Stanley and Captain the Hon. C. R. and Mrs. Colville will sail from Liverpool for Canada on the Sardinian on May 22. His Excellency will meet them at Quebec.

The lawn tennis season opens next Saturday, and the season promises to be full of interest to the lovers of this sport. There are several vacancies in the club, for which there are eight candidates. Balloting begins on Thursday.

It is probable that the prorogation ceremonies this year will be of an unusually brilliant character, as the lateness of the season will permit of some striking toilettes being exhibited by the ladies. There is a great rush for tickets of admission to the floor of the Senate.

Miss Helen Gregory, M. B. and B.A., has contributed an illustrated sketch to the American Press Association of the beauties of Ottawa society beauties. They are six in number and comprise Hon. Mrs. Colville, Mrs. Olive Wimans, Miss Eva O'Meara, Miss Annie Moylan, Mrs. Macray and Miss Gertrude Mackintosh. A description of the peculiar style of beauty of each of the ladies is given and the cuts themselves are sufficiently faithful to cause no complaining on the part of the fair originals.

Hon. Arthur Herbert of the British Legation, Washington, has been a guest at Rideau Hall for the past few days. He left for the North-West to-day on a trip, after which he purposes to visit England.

BELLEVILLE.

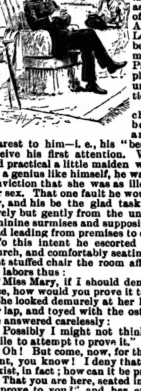
The Temple of Fame, a most unique and delightful entertainment, was given in the Opera House on Friday, May 2. Every seat was filled and no small part of the success of the evening was due to the ushers—our best young men in evening costume. Very few amateur entertainments pass off as smoothly, not the slightest drag to mar the perfect success of the evening. Great credit is due to Mrs. George Hope who suggested the idea of the entertainment and assisted in carrying it out to the brilliant end. Evidences of this lady's artistic taste ran through the whole plan of the play. The seats were arranged as the side of a pyramid and were beautifully draped with gorgeous trappings and handsome furs. Overhead was decorated with flags and ensigns. Two thrones adorned with plush and silver fox coverings occupied the left side of the stage. Flowers and palms were grouped everywhere that space could be obtained. No more beautiful scene could have presented itself than when the seats were all occupied by the youth, talent and beauty for which our fair city is famed. Mrs. McLean personated the Goddess of Fame, and a lovely and dignified goddess she was. The claimants for the Crown of Fame were: Queen Elizabeth, Miss Greatrix; Ruth, Miss Cherry; Mrs. Browning, Mrs. W. N. Ponton; Bridget O'Flanagan, Miss Sara Dickson; Mary Queen of Scots, Miss Starling; Joan of Arc, Miss Brownlee; Flora McDonald, Miss J. Robertson; Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Jessie Neilson; Tragy, Miss Lulu Davy; Sappho, Miss Biggar; Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Putnam; Tabitha Primrose, Miss Carrie Wallbridge; Jenny Lind, Mrs. Nash; Queen Isabella of Spain, Mrs. Sewell; Rosa Bonheur, Miss Hickey; Mrs. Weldon (lady lawyer), Miss Lingham; Sister of Charity, Miss Alice Bell; Miriam, Mrs. Devlin; Xantippe, Miss Mary Clark; Helen of Troy, Miss Edith Simpson; Mother Goose, Miss Denmark; Christina Nilsson, Miss Rose Benjamin; the Mother, Mrs. George Stewart; Harriet Hosmer, Miss Taylor; Jephtha's Daughter, Miss Minnie Davy; Florence Nightingale (with guards), Miss Stinson; Barbara Fretchie, Miss McPhie; Anna Louise Cary, Miss Maude Burdette; Jesian Allen's Wife, Mrs. May; Grace Darling, Miss Mabel Willson; Pocahontas, Miss Lister; Frances Willard, Mrs. Nicholson; Mrs. Partington, Miss C. Urquhart. The Crown of Fame was awarded to the Mother, Mrs. George Stewart, and was presented by a procession of nymphs. Miss Margaret Smart personified Queen Victoria, who came, not as an aspirant, but to do honor to the occasion; and as she slowly walked across the stage to the throne, the likeness to Her Majesty, as she was in younger days, was so striking that the audience rose *en masse* as the Oddfellows' Band played the National Anthem. A large sum was netted, which is to be devoted to hospital purposes.

The Ladies' Athletic Club gave an entertainment in the Opera House Tuesday evening, which was an interesting affair.

Captain A. A. Farley of B Battery, Dominion Artillery, was married at Montreal on May 7, to Miss Margaret Peck of Undermount, a sister of Mrs. (Dr.) Farley of this city. Dr. and Capt. Farley are brothers.

Cards of invitation are out for an afternoon tea on Wednesday, by Miss Wallbridge of The White House, in honor of her niece, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg.

How She Lost Him.



IT IS USUALLY the mission of the college-boy to reform the world, and he was no exception to the rule. Her had never realized it as strongly as at the close of his course in Argumentative Logic, for he had been highly commended by the Professor of Inapplicable Sciences under whose tuition he had been. Reform, like charity, should begin at home, and the object nearest to him—i. e., his "best girl"—should receive his first attention. While so cheery and practical a little maiden was just the wife of a genius like himself, he was pained by the conviction that she was as illogical as any of her sex. That one fault he would overcome for her, and his be the glad task of leading her surely but gently from the uncertain ways of feminine surmises and suppositions to the level road leading from premises to deductions.

To this intent he escorted her home from church, and comfortably seating himself in the best stuffed chair the room afforded, he began his labors thus:

"Miss Mary, if I should deny my own presence, how would you prove it to me?"

She looked demurely at her hat as it lay in her lap, and toyed with the ostrich plumes, as she answered carelessly:

"Possibly I might not think it worth the while to attempt to prove it."

"Oh! But come, now, for the sake of argument, you know! I deny that I am here, that I exist, in fact; how can it be proved to me?"

"That you are here, seated in this chair, I am to prove to you?" and her eyes danced and flashed as she spoke.

Feeling that his own arguments were liable to lack coherence if he continued gazing in those merry eyes, he closed his own, and, leaning back in his chair, said:

"Exactly!"

The next instant there was a subdued howl of anguish, and he sprang to his feet, grasping his left arm with his right hand.

"Wh-what did you d do that for?" he stammered, fairly choking with rage.

She twirled her big hat-pin in her fingers, saying curiously:

"Why, did it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? Of course it did; you ran that thing half a yard into me!" with increasing surliness.

"Not unless you were in that chair: I ran it through the back; so, if you were hurt, it proves you must have been there, after all."

There was a silence that might have been felt for a full half minute, and then the gate closed violently behind an irate youth, striding hurriedly toward South College, and calling "the inconstant moon" to witness his vow never to return to that place, and to allow every woman on earth to die in her feminine ignorance ere he turned tutor to the sex.

And at the house he left, a silvery voice went peeling up the stairway:

"Ma, do you care if I finish that lemon pie? These boys make me so hungry!"

The Three Loves and How They Acted.

Idly wandering along a summer lane bordered with sweet flowers, the young man arrived at a crossing where three paths spread out in different directions.

At the entrance to each path was a young girl.

The first was a blonde, the second was a brunette and the tresses of the third were of the auburn of Titian.

The eyes of the first were blue: the eyes of the brunette were piercing black; those of the other were cold, hazel brown.

The first held in her hand some violets; the second wore at her waist a bunch of carnations; between the teeth of the third was a blood red rose.

The first was slender; her lithe figure bespoke virgin grace; her expression was sweet and trusting and her delicate skin was radiantly pure. The second was of full form; her full stature was enticingly graceful. Her alluring glance and flushed cheek were indicative of voluptuous joy. The third was slight; her sprightly figure was full of provoking grace; the penetrating expression of the eyes capriciously varied with subtle glances of coquetry.

The first maiden spoke to the young man and said: "I am the one who will devotedly serve you, for my heart responds with love for you. Your glance causes me to tremble and I will blushingly surrender my life to you. I am the one who will ever live for thy caress and thy love, for my soul is thine. I am the faithful companion of our indissoluble union. Young man, I will love thee always."

The second maiden spoke to the young man and said:

"I am the one who curiously awaits you, for my little heart feels somewhat pleased by your glances. I am the one to whom thy light thoughts turn and I will gayly abandon myself to thy caresses. I am the one who will shower love upon thee for a moment, for I am the free and light companion who will share thy pleasures while our transient union lasts.

"Young man, I will love thee for a while."

The third maiden spoke to the young man and said: "I am the one who has not awaited the first my heart has never felt the influence of love. I am the one who inspires interest in thy thoughts. I will feign love for thee, but will never be thy slave. I am the one who will unceasingly torture you with her cruelty, but thou will never move a single fibre of my soul. I am the perverse companion who will deceive thee always during our lamentable union. Young man, I will love thee never."

The young man looked successively at the three maidens.

The first seated herself by the roadside and burst into tears.

The second lightly shrugged her shoulders and slowly walked away.

The third burst into laughter and quickly fled and the young man rushed off in pursuit of her.

Some Writers' Opinions of Woman.

Providence has so ordered it that of all women only two have a right to concern themselves with a man's happiness; his own mother and the mother of his children. Beyond these two legitimate species of affection between the sexes, all the rest is empty excitement, painful and ridiculous illusion.—*Octave Feuillet.*

No woman, not even the most intelligent, considers herself adequately plain-looking. This delusion can easily be accounted for, as there are some very pretty ladies who have not the slightest pretension to beauty.—*Stahl.*

There is a secret tie between women, as between the clergy of one and the same religion. They hate each other, but they stand up in defence of one another.—*Diderot.*

In everything that women write there may be a thousand grammatical errors, yet there is always a subtle charm which is absent from the writings of men.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

It is a general rule which, to my knowledge, has few exceptions, that eminent men are the images of their mother, from whom they inherit their corporal and intellectual excellencies.—*Michelet.*

Men philosophize better on the human heart, but women read and understand it better.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Love is in the life of a woman a history, in that of a man an episode.—*Madame de Stael.*

In the choice of a lover a woman is far more anxious as to the impression he makes upon other women than as to how he appears to herself. Love-making is more delightful than marriage, just as novels are more entertaining than history.—*Chamfort.*

Say of a woman that she is peevish, obstinate, frivolous; take care to add that she is beautiful! You may then rest assured that she will always think well of you. But if you happen to say that she is kind, gentle, virtuous, intelligent, but, alas! very ugly, she will never forgive you as long as she lives.—*Alphonse Karr.*

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Boudoir Gossip.

"So many go forth in the morning,
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken for cruel words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right."

It is a bitter truth. There are many who leave us in joyous life, and never meet our eyes embraced in death. If the last words we spoke to them were kindly, if the last glance was a loving one, we should be happy in the knowledge. If not, the years may lessen the pain, but I doubt if one is ever freed from the haunting echoes of cruel last words.

The quoted lines state the fact, and point to the wretchedness which haste, selfishness and pride may bring. Shall we not heed? It may be a selfish way—to dread the self-inflicted sorrow, but through personal suffering we gain an experience. The dead will have forgiven us. It is only that we might not be able to forgive ourselves.

•

It seems as if human beings individually are a conceited crowd. Of course a great deal of the pride is really self-respect. If it all is, we are wonderfully self-respecting.

We need to exercise considerable tact in dealing with one another and, slangily speaking, I notice that the more rope a man or woman has the nearer he fulfils your wishes.

The spirit of opposition is a light sleeper and a regular giant in strength.

We want to be considered. We want to be asked to do this or that or the other thing. There is the proverbial gulf fixed between the "ask" and "tell."

To be "commanded" calls up all the dozing elves of wickedness and we rebel. To be "asked" gives one a chance to refuse, but we instinctively put forth the nobler part and accede.

I believe homes that are happy have an invisible motto written in the inmates' hearts. It runs perhaps: Ask and you will be obliged; command and you will be denied.

Women are supposed to be curious and contrary, but I notice that the brothers and cousins dislike to be "ordered" quite as much as we do, while the dear things will fly off in a trice if we "ask" and smile while we do it. Truly asking will accomplish much more; it is kinder, more dignified and—better form.

•

Pretty covers for the unsightly pots which hold our carefully-nurtured floral beauties are made of china silk of a pretty shade, with a daintily contrasted lining.

The cover is made bag-shaped and drawn around the pot with delicate ribbons, forming a wide overhanging frill.

Madame Modjeska is credited with the statement that red worn below the face deadens the complexion; worn above, heightens it. So if one is wan-faced a red hat or a cluster of scarlet tips will cheat Dame Nature and shame the rouge-box.

Bracelets are multiplying upon the arms of womanly women. The plainer varieties are worn together, while the handsome ones hold honored and solitary place, sparkling or gleaming, as the jewel's fashion is.

"Relics of barbarism," one wise, practical man calls them, while he nevertheless interests himself in counting them in a lordly kind of way.

•

How one does like a womanly woman—a sweet, tender old-fashioned woman, with a "dear" in her speech, a welcome in her voice and no powder on her face.

The mannish girl is growing up about us—a tall, strong creature, who abjures all feminine frippery and steals her brother's necktie. She is loud-voiced. She calls a fashionable dinner a "swagger function," and she ought to be shut up at home.

The nice girl may be just as strong-minded. She may be quite as clever; but she is loving and sympathetic. She does not scoff at sentiment. She is not above using cold cream on her face, and she always steals a glance in the mirror before she goes to greet her lover. She isn't proud. Oh, no; but she wants to "look nice."

•

Some very assertive writer recommends the use of vaseline to cleanse the face. She advises that it be rubbed over the face, and then wiped off with a soft towel. Dust will yield to this treatment, forming such a good fellowship with the vaseline, that they leave my lady's face in company.

Bath bags, which are said to be especially beneficial to the skin, are made of cheese cloth and loosely filled with oatmeal, white castile soap and orris root, in the proportions of five, one-half and one. The lather produced is soft and thick. The water is turned milky, and the orris root leaves a lasting odor of violets on the skin.

•

White cloth gowns are more favored than ever. The dressy ones are embroidered in silver and gold, while some are made plain or combined with surah.

•

It does seem such a pity that two hours of gloomy weather should darken one's brows and pull down mouth corners.

Humanity is like starched linen—a few drops of rain and all its assertiveness is gone, while the limp helpless thing bears a poor resemblance to the glossy freshness of its former self.

If we could have a reserve stock of sunshine and draw on the banked brightness when the days are dull we would be happier.

It would be almost worth while to practise a rainy-day smile, just a little merry contortion to offset Dame Nature's black looks, and show her we will not yield though she, woman like, weeps to make us.

•

What a pitiful sight it is to see a woman holding her dress up with misguided zeal. Well directed efforts, if one has a hand to spare, will mean minutes off whisk duty in the morning. Often, though, the drapery is caught up carelessly and it is likely that the prettiest folds are the ones that drag in rain-soaked wretchedness over a pair of muddy rubbers.

My heart always aches just a trifle when I see this condition of affairs. Sympathy makes me pity the poor woman with the draggle-tailed gown, while whisks and clothes brushes dance an impromptu figure in the rain-born vapor.

•

Spring has come. Of course we have been expecting it, and striving to make ourselves believe that it had arrived, but the effort was a failure. It has been too cold. One can't shiver and sing of the balmy-breathed spring, with a nose as blue as a man on Monday. But it has come with its flowers and birds. The lawn-mower's sonata is daily practised. The ice-cream man gathers in the small boy's nickel, and the "songs of spring-tide" are crowding waste-baskets the country over.

It can't be helped, they will be written. We may scribble them secretly. We may "dedicate them to Vulcan" at their birth, but on they come sometimes with tottering feet and childish off-heard cries and they will be attended to. This is the surest sign that spring has appeared among us. CLIP CAREW.

'Varsity Chat.

It is a difficult task to put in words the recoil of decided satisfaction felt about 'Varsity when it became known that Prof. Ashley had declined the tempting offer from Australia. When the fire occurred we took consolation to ourselves in the fact that the real institution, the men who were devoting their lives to it, still survived with their brains in their heads. But when it seemed not impossible that we should lose one of our very ablest, it began to seem as though fate had touched us on the hip. What Prof. Ashley's motives were we cannot say, but his decision is superlatively satisfactory.

•

It looked like old times to see Mr. Harry Senkler's ideal physique on the lawn the other day. Harry has decided to come to our aid again and play with the baseball team, to the great joy of the manager.

•

Mr. W. McKay, B.A., '88, was in town for a few days last week. He stopped in his old haunts in Residence. He is as big as ever, and a jolly good fellow.

•

Since a statement of the ages of undergraduates was published in one of the dailies this week speculation has been rife as to who the fourteen-year-old infant migat be. The mitigation of the severity of Canadian winters seems to be causing early development.

•

The provincial political campaign is bringing 'Varsity men to the front, or at least giving them an opportunity to get there. Equal Rights and Mr. J. G. Holmes, B.A., are working together in South Huron. Mr. W. F. Maclean, B.A., is riding hard in the hunt in Wentworth. Mr. Douglas Armour, B.A., is another of those who care not for "McCarty, Descartes or any other party" like the folks down in Kilaloo. But where is Mr. Higgins and Mr. Creelman and Mr. Burrows of rosebud fame and Mr. P. Strawn Johnston, B.A.? People who imagine that our stock of ability is run out are much mistaken. NEMO.

She Knew it All Along.

"Maria."
"Yes, Tom."
"Maria—ah."
"Yes, Tom."
"Maria, do you—that is—"
"Yes, Tom."
"Oh, will you marry me?"
"Yes, Tom. That is the fourth time I've said it. I knew what you were driving at all the time.—*N. Y. Herald.*

•

In the matter of business or day dress the most fashionable worn at present is the two-button cutaway morning coat and is the most favorite for business use. It has demonstrated its suitability against all other styles. It is neat and manly, yet convenient and comfortable. The principal change in style this season is a lower cut in front with only two buttons, leaving more space on the shirt front to display the wide four-in-hand scarf now prevailing. The vest to be cut as low in proportion with roll or step collar. The material used is dark blue or black cheviott in full suitings, or coat and vest, with a light stripe or check trousering. This contrast makes a very handsome as well as a very dressy suit. Having just received an excellent line of these goods, would ask your inspection before purchasing your spring and summer suit elsewhere. Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Paul Standish was a capital aide-de-camp in organizing a picnic, and Egerton benefited by his assistance. Standish was a man of good family, very well known and popular in certain London circles. Though generally considered a shrewd worldling, there was a kindness core to his heart, and he deeply enjoyed his quiet visits to the Knoll. His work (he was in the foreign office) had taken him much abroad, and he liked the repose and refinement of Mabel's home. Though no longer young, he had still all the vigor and elasticity of youth, and was not yet chilled by the effects of a tolerably wide experience.

The day before that fixed for Egerton's yachting party, not finding Dorothy in the house or garden, Standish started in search of her, and, knowing her haunts, was not long in discovering his ward. She was kneeling on the short, partially-bleached herbage which covered a low rising ground at some little distance eastward from the Knoll; behind it the sun had already sunk, leaving the waters of the bay somewhat dull and mournful.

"I looked for you in vain," began Standish, when Dorothy, her hands full of the long grasses she had been gathering, started to her feet with a low cry, a startled, pathetic expression on her mobile face. "I have frightened you," said Standish smiling. "Why, where are your thoughts, Dorothy?"

"Not very far, Paul," beginning to tie her grasses together. "They are never very far from me at present."

"Hum! That might be accounted for in two ways."

"How?"

"They may be occupied by Mabel. They may possibly dwell on our fascinating friend, Egerton."

"Well, I am scarcely a judge; but he is a handsome, accomplished fellow."

"Yes, he is, and you are right. I was thinking of him." She uttered these words with the utmost composure.

Standish looked at her with steady scrutiny, but she did not perceive it. "I am waiting for further confessions," he said at length.

"I have nothing to confess, Paul; at least not at present." She paused, and then went on, "Mr. Egerton's mother was a Spaniard, was she not?"

"Yes, I believe so. He looks like a Spaniard himself."

"He does, and I think he could be very revengeful. I feel afraid of him sometimes."

"What, do you think he will plunge a stiletto in your heart—because, oh, say because you walked with me."

A faint color rose in Dorothy's cheek, but she laughed low and exclaimed:

"That would be too illogical. You are my guardian, and I have a sort of right to you."

"A right I shall never question, Dorothy." His voice grew soft as he spoke.

"Thank you," she said, gently. Then she made a sudden movement. "Let us go back," she exclaimed, "that dreary-looking sea makes me sad."

"My dear Dorothy, you cannot be yourself, or you would not have uttered such silly fancies. You have everything in the world to make you happy, so pray call up your common sense, of which you have plenty."

"I, Paul," said Dorothy, laughing. "Come, let us walk back, and we shall be in time for tea."

An hour later Colonel Callander and his mother were taking a final turn upon the pier.

Their conversation had not been pleasant or exhilarating. Mrs. Callander looked more than usually severe, and her mouth was rigidly closed save when she opened it to speak.

Callander's face was sullen and set—there was a dull burning glow in his eyes.

"You may turn a deaf ear to me if you will," said the dowager—as they approached the gate which led to the enclosure, "intending to return to the hotel—but I am right, I know I am!"

He made no answer—and they advanced slowly and in catching step. Mrs. Callander, not common below, Mrs. Callander paused and pointed to it. The group consisted of Mabel, Standish and little Dolly—as they looked Mabel took her ex-guardian's arm, and slackening her pace, seemed to be conversing with profound interest. "You see," said Mrs. Callander, "they are never long apart. Be warned in time, Herbert! You know what blood she has in her veins—you know her mother's history!"

"Be silent!" he interrupted in a strange half-choked voice. "You do not know what you are saying! My wife is pure and sweet—as spotless so long as she lives! Never dare to touch upon this topic again. Trust my honor to myself, I know how to keep it clean."

To the imperious woman's surprise, he turned, and leaving her to make her way as she best could alone to her temporary abode, walked rapidly forward to overtake his wife.

The morning of the day which Egerton had fixed for his party was bright and clear, with a little more breeze than some of his guests approved. The object of the voyage was to visit the remains of an old Norman castle, which crowned some picturesque rocks about eight or nine miles east of Fordsea—also to inspect a curious rocky inlet not far from it, on which a modern lighthouse replaced the beacon of a hermit, who in former days devoted himself to keep it alive, and, according to the legend, built a chapel without any human aid. The ruins of this remarkable edifice were still visible from the sea.

At breakfast a slight change of plans took place as Mabel suggested that she feared she was too indifferent a sailor to enjoy the excursion by sea, and with a pretty coaxing air asked Callander to drive her to Ravenstone, which was nearer by land than by water. He consented very readily, and Standish undertook to escort Dorothy.

The party was not very large, but bright and sociable, through Mrs. Callander, senior, who honored it by her presence, was somewhat sanguine. "It was no thoughtless act of Mabel's expose her husband to the glare and sun on that unsheltered road!" she said, "and for a mere whim!" Egerton, too, was rather silent, and cynical when he did speak.

There was enough breeze to give life and motion, the rippling waters glittered in the sun, and the music of a band, followed the ships, made a delightful under-current of harmony. Yet Dorothy looked thoughtful and pre-occupied.

"Mrs. Callander has found it more convenient to go below," said Standish, placing his camp-stool beside Dorothy on the deck in the stern, watching the shadows of the swift-sailing clouds as they flitted over the water. "Miss Oakeley seems to consider it her duty to rouse John's dormant musical energies, and the rest of the ladies are neglecting the cavaliers, to amuse and interest our fascinating host. So I beg you will devote yourself to me, Dorothy!"

"With pleasure!" she returned, smiling.

"Are you still in the dolefuls?" asked Standish, looking keenly at her.

"No—yet I am uneasy! I was so glad Mabel decided to drive with Herbert to Ravenstone, but I went into her room just before I came away, and I found Nurse giving her salvolatile—she had almost fainted! She seems to me to lose strength instead of gaining it."

"That must be your fancy, Dorothy!

"I do not believe it is! I told her she ought to make Herbert take her quite away from everyone for a few weeks to Scotland or Switzerland, or Sweden and Norway. It would do them both so much good!"

"You are a wise little woman. I believe, too, it would be a complete cure."

"Mabel semed to like the idea, and said she would mention—"

"Standish!" said their host, interrupting her—"Miss Oakeley is asking for you; she says you know the Legend of the Island Hermit! I think she is getting a little tired of her subordinate aide."

Standish rose somewhat reluctantly, and Egerton took his place, which he kept for some considerable time.

When the voyage was accomplished, and the yacht glided into the small rock-enclosed creek at the foot of which nestled a few fishermen's cabins, and the inevitable tavern, they found Col. Callander and Mabel waiting on the rude little jetty—alongside which the yacht found ample depth of water. It being luncheon time, Egerton proposed having that meal served on deck, before they attempted the steep ascent. His suggestion was adopted unanimously, and a gay repast ensued.

Mrs. Callander sat on her host's right, apparently not much the worse of her voyage, and supported on the other side by the Rev. S. Cole, with whom she exchanged from time to time a few words disapproving the fun and laughter going around her. Ultimately she preferred a comfortable seat on deck, an early cup of tea, and the society of her favorite divine to a long fatiguing walk to inspect relics of the past which did not interest her.

The rest set forth to make their way upwards to the old tower which frowned above at so formidable a height.

Egerton took charge of Dorothy so decidedly, that they were pretty well left to themselves.

"What a strange place this was once," said the latter, looking round when they reached the grass-grown space which had once been the tower-yard. "He owner must have been a king in his way. After all, a Norman baron had rather a good time of it, at least he was lord of those around him, his word was law."

"Perhaps he was not so dreadfully bad time his people—his dependants must have had!"

"I daresay they got quite as much good out of life as the people do now." They had fewer wants, and greater respect for their rightful lord."

"And they were a trifle nearer the brutes! which of course was of no consequence so long as it made matters easier for their masters."

"What! are you a raging democrat?" exclaimed Egerton with a smile. "I had no idea that Callander harbored such a dangerous character!

"Oh! of course you think me an idiot; perhaps I am, but I can't help having some ideas about history."

"An idiot!" repeated Egerton, with a look full of admiration. "I wish I dare tell you what I think!"

"He is uncommonly handsome, and has a nice voice," thought Dorothy, but she only laughed and shook her head.

"It is a terribly ruined ruin," returned Egerton, when they had finished their exploration, "come let us make our way down. There is a pretty nook I want to show you,—you have. I know, an artist's eye for beauty."

Dorothy found then that they had lingered to the last, and that Mabel had taken her husband's arm, and was walking away between him and Standish.

Dorothy was a little vexed that her guardian had scarcely spoken to her since Egerton had interrupted their conversation in the morning; she was consequently more disposed to be friendly with her host.

About half-way between the ruins and pier, a faintly marked footpath turned to the left, leading apparently across the face of the cliff—"Let me show you the way," said Egerton, pausing for her.

"Is there a footing?" asked Dorothy.

"Trust me!" he returned, and following him, she soon found herself on a little projecting platform, in front of which some gorse bushes and several moss-grown stones formed a natural parapet, which was sufficiently high for a seat—the outlook over the sea, to the lighthouse and chapel on the islet before-mentioned made a delightfully tranquil, picturesque scene.

"This is charming, quite charming!" "How sweet and peaceful!"

"Yes, it is sweet! do sit down for a few minutes, and forgive me, if I am abrupt, but I seldom have a chance of speaking to you alone. I cannot lose this precious moment. Will you listen to me? I want to tell you what I think of you."

"Don't be too complimentary," said Dorothy, with a little uneasy laugh.

"No, I shall speak the truth. Well, then, I think you are the brightest, sauciest, most womanly girl that ever charmed a man's heart—and the desire of mine, is to call you my wife, sweet Dorothy!" He tried to take her hand; she drew it hastily away with a startled look.

"Will you not speak to me?" he continued.

"I do not know how to speak to you, Mr. Egerton," in a distressed voice. "I do not—I do not seem able to believe you!—to believe that you love me, I mean, when I do not love you; for, indeed, I do not."

"I know that only too well! But let me try to teach you! If you love no one else, I may succeed. Do you love anyone, Dorothy?"

"No! indeed, I do not! but somehow, Mr. Egerton, I do not think I should ever love you, nor do I feel I am the sort of girl you ought to marry—" She broke off abruptly.

"I am quite old enough to know my own mind," said Egerton, abruptly. "If your heart is free, I will not accept your present 'no' as final. I am desperately persevering, when my heart is set on anything, as it is now, Dorothy."

"Still, Mr. Egerton, do not think me unkind, but—but I do not believe I shall ever change."

"Yet you shall see how easy and uneasy. I do not want to keep you here against your will. Remember, though, I do not accept your refusal, give me a little grace." He caught and kissed her hand, holding it for a minute in his own.

"Do not keep me, Mr. Egerton," said Dorothy, who was greatly distressed; "I am more sorry than I can say to vex you, and—and—I want to overtake Miss Oakeley."

CHAPTER II.

"DUNCAN GRAY'S COME HERE TO WOO."

Egerton's words took Dorothy so completely by surprise that for some time she was unable to think of Callander.

Even the next morning, when she opened her eyes, her first feeling was painful confusion.

"She has been trifling with Mabel's well the way back, nestling close to Paul Standish, who, after once asking, "Are you all right, Dorothy?" had let her be herself. Egerton showed her much quiet attention, and walked with her to the Knoll, giving her hand a tender, significant pressure at parting. After a little talk with Mabel, and Mrs. Callander, she had listened in his usual silent way, she went to her room, and tired with the long day out of doors, and the emotion of its latter half, she was soon heavily asleep.

Egerton's avowal affected her curiously—there was an odd element of fear in the mixed feelings which impelled her to reject him.

When he first appeared as a friend of her sister, she liked and admired him, but gradually a sense of distrust grew up in her heart—how and why she never dreamt of analysing. The distrust, however, was very dim and indistinctive. He was still a pleasant companion. It was only when he began to pay her marked attention, and seek opportunities of being alone with her, that it took anything of a tangible form. For some occult reason she had taken it into her head that he was amusing himself at her expense, which roused her keen sensitive pride, and kept her on the *qui vive* to notice the fascinating Egerton's proceedings. That he should have absolutely asked her to be his wife left no doubt of his sincerity. Still her heart was in no way softened to him—rather a subtle terror crept into it. What was his motive? Could it be really true love, when she felt so hard and distrustful towards him? Surely she would have loved him had he really loved her—would she indeed?

This question she did not answer save by a deep blush, even though alone brushing out her long hair before descending to breakfast. She longed to hear what Mabel thought of the wonderful event—she must tell Mabel; Mr. Egerton would not mind that; but to every one else she would be mute—no one should know of his rejection.

But Egerton was by no means anxious to conceal the fact that he had offered himself—his old name, his fine estate, his large investments—to this young, insignificant girl. "A mere nobody"—as the dowager Mrs. Callander was wont to remark.

He did not present himself as early as usual at "The Knoll" the next day, but meeting Standish, who had been strolling on the pier at an hour when it was chiefly in the possession of ancients mariners, he passed his arm through that of Standish with unusual familiarity, saying, "I was on my way to have a little talk with Callander. Will you come with me?"

"If you like; you'll be rather clever if you get him to talk."

"He is certainly very taciturn, but he always was—more or less. He hasn't quite thrown off his late attack, and has had a touch of ague lately, which is very depressing. But show him you want his help or advice, and he is as much alive, as soundly sensible as ever. I am just going to ask his counsel in a matter which will interest you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I am sure it will. Look! There goes the Ariadne," pointing to a smart little gunboat which was steaming out of the harbor. "Fortesque did not think he'd be off so soon. This afternoon, he said, would be their earliest start. I suppose he got fresh orders awaiting him when he got on board last night." Talking on various topics, with many a break—for Standish did not feel quite at ease—they approached the Knoll, at the gate of which they met Colonel Callander. He greeted them with more animation than usual.

"Where are you off to?" asked Egerton.

"I was going to have a swim. I have not felt up to one before, but to-day I think I may venture; bathing is a favorite pastime of mine."

"I don't think you are fit for it by any means," said Standish. "Take my advice; give it up for this season."

"And I want your help and advice in a matter very vital to me. Come down on the beach, where we are safe from listeners, and I'll unburden my heart," said Egerton, with a pleasant smile.

"Very well. I don't fancy it is a matter of life and death," returned Callander, looking at him kindly, and they went leisurely across the strip of common and sat down on one of the ridges of shingle in front of the villa.

"Give me your ears," began Egerton, "and your best help, for you can help me if you choose. I have just been rejected by the girl I love! I want your influence to induce her to reconsider her decision, for my fate is in the hands of Miss Dorothy Wynn."

"Dorothy!" repeated Callander. "I am not quite taken by surprise. I see a good deal of what is going on about me. Well, Egerton, you have my best wishes, but as for influence, I do not think I have much." Standish was silent.

"What do you say!" added Egerton, turning to him. "I trust you, as her guardian, will not also reject me."

"Get her consent and you shall have mine," said Standish.

"Pray what reason did she allege for rejecting you!" asked Callander, with interest. "I should have thought you rather an acceptable sort of fellow to a girl."

"She just simply said she did not like me, and she never would. She put it rather more politely, you know, but that was the gist of it, and awfully sweet she looked when she said so.

"There is a certain degree of obstinacy in her," remarked Colonel Callander, as he lit a cigar. "But she is an honest-hearted little girl, and I should be very pleased to see her married to you."

"I am afraid I was rather abrupt with her, but I have been watching for an opportunity to speak to her for a long time. I found it yesterday, and was not sufficiently cautious. A man cannot always be master of himself."

Standish muttered something the others did not catch.

"Eh! what is it?" asked Egerton.

"Nothing. But Dorothy is rather young, don't you think so, Callander?"

"Perhaps. Mabel was eighteen when we married, he returned, with a queer far-away look in his eyes. "But she was softer, less individual than Dorothy; she needed support and protection."

"Yes, she is an angel!" exclaimed Egerton, "but it is the touch of spirit and self-reliance in Dorothy that fascinates me. Come, Standish, you have not spoken. I trust you are on my side. I am asking your consent formally, remember."

"If my ward accepts you," said Standish somewhat coldly, "I could not possibly object to you either personally or as regards your position. You are an excellent match for any woman, however high born, but Dorothy must have ample time; she must not be pressed!"

"Heaven knows!" cried Egerton, with feeling. "I think your charming ward a great deal too good for me. I am quite willing to wait for pleasure, but I want you both—one as her guardian, the other as her nearest friend—to understand my hopes—my intentions—to give me what chances you can of being with her; of urging my suit upon her, that is to say, if you approve it!"

"For my part I heartily wish you success," said Callander, with feeling. "It is a marriage that would give me pleasure. I feel my own health rather uncertain—and—" He paused abruptly, gazing away out to sea with the far-away look in his eyes which touched and struck Standish.

"My dear fellow, don't croak!" cried Egerton, "I hope you will also mention my wedding before many months are over. And you, too, Standish."

"As for me!" said that gentleman, "I can only repeat that when you win Dorothy's consent—mine is at your service!"

"Thank you," returned Egerton.

"However, do not be too sure of her."

"I assure you I feel very properly uncertain."

"And you may rely on our silence repecting your honor and wishes until—"

"I am by no means anxious that they should be kept such a profound secret," replied Egerton. "I think my taste does credit."

"The only person to whom I feel inclined to confide so important a piece of intelligence," said the colonel thoughtfully, "is to my mother. It is right she should know; especially as it is probable we shall leave Dorothy under her care when we go away."

"Go away! Who is going away?" cried Egerton sharply, with a keen glance like a stab.

"Don't suppose I am going to do anything desperate," said Callander, with a grave smile.

"Mrs. Callander and I are talking of going abroad for a month or two. I want to have a look at the little fishing-villages on the French frontier, and to go on into Switzerland. Of course Dorothy will stay here."

"It will do you a great deal of good," said Standish.

"I am not quite so sure of that," added Egerton hastily. "The cooking at these out-of-the-way places is execrable, and may upset you. Nothing like the comforts of home when you are in a convalescent state. I would not decide on this journey yet awhile."

"I shall be very careful, but I intend taking the trip. Besides, Mrs. Callander seems to like the idea of it."

"Does she!" returned Egerton, with an indefinable touch of surprise in his tone. "I trust you may both be the better."

"Do you mean what you say, Egerton?"

"Thank you, no! I fancy Miss Wynn would rather not meet me so soon. She has not yet perhaps forgiven my presumption. I'll keep out of sight to-day, but will you both put in a word for me? Assure her of my earnestness—my desire to wait her time, and in no way press her."

"That is quite the line you ought to take," said Callander. "Well, let us see you to-morrow, and you'll find Dorothy reasonable, I am sure. Both she and Mrs. Callander kept their rooms this morning. I have not seen them yet. Now I am going to call on my mother," added the Colonel, rising, "for I don't think there is anything more to be said or done as regards my sister-in-law at present."

"Let me come with you," said Egerton, throwing away the end of his cigar. "I don't know exactly what to do with myself."

"Come then," was Callander's reply.

"And I am going to walk to the point," said Standish.

The trio dispersed, Standish proceeding along the beach to a long, low spit which stretched far into the waters.

He moved slowly, with little of his usual firm alertness, nor did his quick, observant eye roam as usual in search of the curious or beautiful.

Egerton's proposal for his ward had disturbed him in no common degree. Of course it was a sort of thing he must suspect as the guardian of an attractive girl, and there was nothing to find fault with in Egerton's straightforward honesty; yet there was something cut and dried in his tone—an absence of the glow and rapture, the eagerness, and self-doubt that naturally betray themselves in a lover, ardent enough to risk confession and refusal in order, if possible, to secure co-operation.

"It will be a splendid match," he said to himself, "and I never heard anything against Egerton, yet I have a sort of idea that his amusements have not been of the most innocent description. I must try and find out more of his history. What, in heaven's name, has kept the child from falling in love with him? He is quite a girl's ideal hero, and of late he has evidently sought her. Does she love someone else? That is the only shield I know for so young and inexperienced a girl. I wish she would speak openly to me. She is not as confiding as she used to be. But Mabel will tell me. Dorothy opens her heart to Mabel. Miss Oakeley will be delighted at this fulfilment of her prophecies. She has always been declaring that Egerton is in love with Dorothy. Well, I suppose he is."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Rupert Ellsmore—Do you think de present style in straight-front corsets will last long enough to make it wort' me while having me darby blocked?—*Puck.*

Another Sad Failure.

The other forenoon a man was leaning over the railing of the bridge at one of the piers and looking down the bay, when another man came along and accosted him with:

"Excuse me, sir, but can—"

"Never am without it," interrupted the first, as he turned and presented a plug of tobacco.

"Thanks, but I don't chew. I wanted to ask you—"

"Yes. I've got a match," he interrupted again, as he pulled one from his vest pocket.

"I don't want a match. I want to—"

"Go and buy your own cigars," growled the first as he turned away. "Man who tries to accommodate is always sure to get left."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Truth is Mighty and Will Prevail.

She had invited him to stop to supper, and he was trying to appear easy and unconcerned, while she was on her prettiest behavior.

"Have you used the sugar, John?" inquired the mother, in a winning manner.

"John don't want sugar," ejaculated the young heir, abruptly.

"Why not?" inquired the father, curiously.

"Cos he don't," exclaimed the heir, in an artful manner. "I heard him tell Mary last night—"

"You keep still," interrupted Mary, in an hysterical manner, while the young man caught his breath in dismay.

"I heard him say," persisted the heir, with dreadful earnestness, "that she was so sweet he shouldn't never use no sugar any more—an' then he kissed her, an' I said I'd tell."

"Telephoned."

They were exactly alike, and they stood close together on the sunny side of the street, with two small garden plots, surrounded by a white picket fence, between two wee cottages somewhat after the Gothic style.

At the open window of one a woman of thirty-five sat placidly sewing in a room as neat as hands could make it.

A sleek cat purred contentedly on a spot of warm sunshine near her feet, and a yellow canary sang a defiance to the red-and-green parrot in the opposite window.

Upon the shaded steps of the other a man of forty sat meditatively smoking, occasionally watching his neighbor, and glancing through the open window at the untidy room within.

Not a cat, not a bird, not a living thing about the place except himself, for Bachelor Joseph Weatherby disliked cats and birds, and as to having a housekeeper, you might as well have proposed to introduce a live gorilla.

He kept bachelor's hall, and grumbled and fumed all to himself, until his brother John died and left him a legacy in the shape of a needy nephew—his namesake.

Since that time he had thought more and more of the days when, as lad and lassie, he had fought pretty Sabrina Hanson's curls at school, and hunted the ripest, sweetest berries for her in summer.

"How time does fly!" he muttered. "To-day is my birthday, and I am—why, bless me, I'm forty years old! She is thirty-five—yes, she is thirty-five!" He stole another look at his neighbor. "It doesn't seem long. She used to be the prettiest girl in school, and the years haven't changed her so very much. Well, well, I can remember when I thought—but there, forty years old!"

The muttered words ended with a deep sigh, and Bachelor Joseph's eyes grew dreamy as his thoughts went far back into the past days of his youth.

He could not remember when he had not cherished a dream of a cosy fireside, all his own, and her face beside it.

The fireside was his, as well as a snug bank account, but her face lighted the rooms over the way.

Alas! he did not know that the dream would have come true for the asking. He had never hardly dared that, and now he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was forty years old!

A quick, ringing footstep aroused him. Nephew Joseph came lightly up the steps and threw himself into a hammock beside him, while a cab rattled up and stopped at the gate of cottage No. 1.

"Such news, Uncle Joe! Miss Hanson's niece has come to live with her. Know her? Well, yes. I met her last summer at Coney Island."

And if Bachelor Joseph had not been watching his neighbor so closely, he would have seen the guilty flush upon his nephew's face.

The days passed, and a new excitement came to the village—a telephone company was established.

"I really think we must have one, niece," said Aunt Sabrina. "It is all the rage, and we must do as others do, you know."

So the telephone was put in, and one afternoon, whilst Niece Sabrina had gone to walk, there came a muffled summons.

"Who is it?" asked Aunt Sabrina, laying aside her work to answer the signal.

"Who should it be but me!—Joseph," came the muffled, reproachful answer.

And the spinster's face flushed; for, despite her years, despite the custom that forces women to silence, there was but one Joseph in the world to her.

"What do you want?" she asked, wondering the while that he should go to the telephone office, when he could come to the house so much quicker.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to come up and ask you to marry me. May I? I never have dared to mention it before. Can I come? Answer quickly; I hear some one on the stairs."

The spinster's face burned with the blushes of "sweet sixteen," and her eyes sparkled through misty tears—ah, our hearts never grow old—but a low, softly-spoken "yes" gladdened the eager, waiting questioner.

"Dear me! to think that Joseph should propose at this late day! Who'd thought it!" soliloquized Aunt Sabrina, as she hurriedly began to brush up the shreds of cotton from the floor. "I always did think well of Joseph, and if he'd asked me fifteen years ago—"

She gave a guilty start as a low knock sounded at the door.

He had lost no time in coming. But when she opened it, she confronted Nephew Joseph Weatherby, no less excited than herself.

"Is Miss—Miss Sable at home?" he asked.

"No; she went for a walk directly after dinner, and hasn't returned yet. I think she may have stopped at Mary Bennett's," she replied, hurriedly.

"Ah! yes—I see—I see—I understand," answered Nephew Joseph.

And he did understand more than she had told him.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! Come, wake up. I want you!" he shouted, as he entered the cool chamber where Bachelor Joseph was taking his afternoon nap, all unconscious that Fate had taken his business into her own hands.

"Well, nephew, I think you might have waited," said that gentleman, reproachfully, as he slowly assumed a sitting posture. "What is it? Anything important?"

"Important! I should say so. Uncle Joe! Now tell me, upon your honor, why did you never marry Miss Hanson. I've heard you say many times that there wasn't a woman living to be compared with her. Did she refuse you?"

"Well, no; I never asked her," admitted Bachelor Joseph.

"Why did you never ask her?" relentlessly questioned the nephew.

"I—well, to be candid, I didn't dare to," he confessed, after a moment's pause.

"But you wanted to do so all the while—is that it, Uncle Joe?" asked the young man again.

"I—I—well, yes, if you must know. What the deuce are you driving at, nephew? What put it into your head to ask me such foolish questions?"

And Bachelor Joseph's face was a study as he bit his lip and eyed his nephew, half-angrily and wholly confused.

"Because I've broken the ice for you, Uncle Joe, and she is waiting this very minute for you to come and ask her to marry you. She won't say 'No' either. I—I—it was all a mistake. I thought I was talking to her niece, and she thought she was talking to you. It's all the fault of that blessed telephone, Uncle Joe."

"You may well bless the telephone, then, my boy! Where's my hat? I never was so—so flustrated in my whole life, but I'll go. Perhaps, as you were so good as to break the ice for me, you can propose for yourself without my help—eh?"

And away went Bachelor Joseph, without his hat, to fulfil the appointment.

"Well, I think I'll just call at Mr. Bennet's," laughed Nephew Joseph, in great confusion.

Both calls must have been satisfactory, for the twin cottages still stand, but a woman often sits at the open window of one, and listens, as she sews, to the man who, seated in the cool porch, reads the evening paper aloud.

Such a help is a telephone to a timid man.

Women Barbers.

The Chicago *Herald* has a good word to say for the women barbers of that city. It says:

These women barbers dress in neat black dresses, with shining white aprons, and have a peculiar dignity of demeanor which forbids any smart nonsense on the part of their customers. They fill one's eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth with a lather that reminds you of the old soft-soap kettle of your country days, only that it is delicately flavored with carbolic acid, and takes hold of your face like croton oil, and all with the same dexterity and energy displayed by men in the profession. But she doesn't spend her evenings drinking barrel-house whisky; she doesn't smoke cigarettes, and you miss a familiar fragrance in her breath as she bends over you, caressing cheek and chin with her shiny razors. Her touch is steady, her aim true, her hands delightfully soft and velvety. She doesn't expectorate tobacco juice at intervals of two seconds, and though she does keep up the tradition of the profession so far as talking is concerned, she doesn't suspend operations and let the lather drip into your eyes from the uplifted razor while she discusses the result of the ball game with some one at the other end of the room. So she looks softly into your face, with her sweet breath floating against your nostrils, and chats in a low, musical voice as she works. You don't know what she is talking about, and you don't care particularly, if only she doesn't stop. You answer in the affirmative all her queries, and it is only when she whips off the apron and sings out "next" that you realize you have had every scrap of your beard, mustache, eyebrows, and hair shaved off, and have a big bill to pay for tonics and lotions that you never heard of, and that the girl is smiling down into the other fellow's face just as she smiled into yours, as you turn your pockets wrong side out and write a check for the rest of the amount due.

The most amusing part of the ceremony is the sheepish look on men's faces who are newcomers, and the awkward bashfulness with which they receive the nonchalant attention of the pretty woman barbers fluttering about them. Funnier still it is to see the smile gleaming up seductively through the lather which every man seems obligated to wear during the operation. He doesn't seem to receive much encouragement in return; but smiling is one of the customs of the place, and is indulged in by every one, from the stern-faced old dominie who comes down three times a week to be shaved to the downy-faced Board of Trade settling clerks who settle themselves luxuriantly into the chairs. There are no pink papers, no profanity in the woman's barber shop, and women receive the same wages as men in the business, and seem to succeed in making a great deal of money wherever they open the clean, tidy parlors.

Milwaukee's Funny Mayor

"The day after I was inaugurated an old back number poked his head into my office and asked it I was the new mayor. I pleaded guilty, and he came right in. He looked like an old-time freak. He had long hair, sand-paper complexion and a lower lip which hung down like the tailboard of an express wagon.

"'Well, you be the mayor?' he remarked.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I jess came in.'

"'Yes, I noticed it.'

"'Then you are the chap what printed them comical books what were funny?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you be the mayor besides?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I swan. Them boys' pranks was funny.'

"'You liked them?'

"'Well, I should blow out the gas. Say, you be the funniest man I ever heard tell of, and I just dropped in to see you. Nuthin' special. Suppose you could make me laugh right now if you wanted to.'"—*Geo. W. Peck.*

National Peculiarities in Buying.

Talking of the sale of jewelry, a Frenchman says that as a purchaser the American stands pre-eminently first in favor. He has three first rate qualities—he is straight to what he wants, he pays cash down, and he never bargains.

One day a leading jeweler had the pleasure of selling a necklace to an American for six hundred thousand francs for money down on the counter, without being asked for the smallest discount or reduction—how much he would have given had he been asked, the Parisian tradesman does not say.

Next to the American comes the Russian, who makes very large purchases, but not quite in so reckless a manner; then the Spaniard and then the Britisher, who, we should have thought, would have been placed thirst. The other nations suffer by comparison.

The German, no doubt, has not much cash left after a series of military budgets; the Dutchman is too frugal, and the Italian is too much accustomed to bargain, regarding a discount of fifty per cent. as in the natural course of things at home.

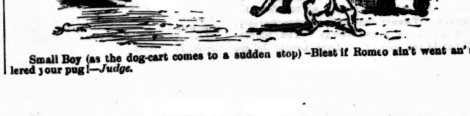
But even the Italian is welcome in comparison with the Frenchman from the country. The provincial, even when rolling in money, will avoid the great establishments and seek the small ones which cannot afford to send a customer away. He will drive outrageously hard bargains, and will go away and return day after day until the tradesman will let him have what he wants at almost any price to get rid of him.

The American without vanity, or the Britisher who dislikes trouble, would evidently do well to employ a Frenchman from the country, even at a heavy percentage, to do his bargaining.—*Tit Bits.*

Duty Free.

"Is that your domestic?"
"No. She is my imported."—*Life.*

Completing the Circuit.



Small Boy (as the dog-cart comes to a sudden stop)—Blest if Romeo ain't went an' swallered your pug!—*Judge.*

"ASSISTANCE"

Is all nature needs in nine cases out of ten to remedy sickness. The old idea of bleeding, blistering, purging, etc., has been superseded by that of assisting nature, that is, seeing to diet and sanitary surroundings and giving medicine to act gently but just as certainly as the old style. In all cases of Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc.,

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[an artificial gastric juice—formula on every bottle] aids the weakened stomach by putting into it what it lacks, namely, *gastric juice*, which assists the digestion of the food, relieves the pain or heavy feeling, and cures the constipation usually accompanying stomach troubles. As you value your future health *avoid* Bitters, Blood Purifiers and Purgatives, which only irritate and weaken the stomach, aggravating the Dyspepsia. The disease is in the *Stomach*, so aid the *Stomach*. Endorsed by physicians. Send 2 cts. in stamps for valuable book to HAZEN MORSE,

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These elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "Feather stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 30 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c. per oz—2oz. per lb) in postage stamps to

Cortlidt Silk Co, St. Johns, Que.

and you will receive it by return post.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

OVERTON, See San Juan.

LEOCADIA.—Decision, vanity and ambition.

ISABEL.—See latter part of answer to Elizabeth.

LOST PEARL.—Open-hearted, frank and orderly.

VIOLET H.—Generosity, justice and good nature.

FINIS.—Self-esteeming, candid, just a little ostentatious.

MARIA A.—Perseverance, vanity and a merry disposition.

SHORTY.—Ambition, original thought, perseverance and wit.

PEDRO.—Ostentatious, vain, fickle, original and impatient.

PRINCESS.—You are double a erratic, self-esteeming, and willful.

PERSIAN JEWEL.—Firmness, flippancy and vanity. 2. Cocoa oil.

REX.—A widow should use her Christian name instead of her dead husband's.

PIKE'S PEAK, Denver, Col.—You are gay, ambitious, quick-tempered and impulsive.

ESRAH 1.—No, that is a case where excessive politeness to one, would result in rudeness to two.

MANCHESTER.—Originality, decision, energy, self-esteem, erratic temperament and simple taste.

INA BIRD.—You are earnest, affectionate, generous. Drape it with silk muslin in the same shade.

ALBANY CALLENOTTE.—Touch them with a carbolic pencil, being careful not to burn the surrounding skin.

BLUE JAY.—Carelessness, impulse, good executive ability and some vanity are indicated by your writing.

IN HOC SIGNO, ETC.—You are doubtless persevering, a little vain, energetic, decisive and uncomfortable.

TATTIE DOODLEY.—Exercise and hot baths. A little careless, rather indolent, good-tempered and open-hearted.

VIVIAN.—Not quite so Celtic as Tattie. 2. Any remark of trifling importance. Fickle, ostentatious, generous and affectious e.

CLOVER.—I am glad to know my answer helped you. Writing shows originality, impatience, care'essness and a good deal of se f-will.

SWAN, Hampton.—See Roman Beg for the hands. Writing shows earnestness, tenderness, a merry disposition and a little carelessness.

FIDDLE, Blueberry.—Your writing shows sincerity, or'er and resolution. Will try and find out for you about the Great Eastern's last voyage.

CHLOTOR.—It is not safe to use any preparation. Try brushing with a strong solution of soda. This will lighten the color and make it less noticeable.

CLARE DE LUNE.—You are a rather unreasonable young man, whose writing shows vanity, ostentation, good business ability and considerable perse verance.

IRENE H. L., Bay Mills, Mich.—Your writing denotes generosity, fidelity to friends, frankness and dislike for ostentation. Many thanks for kind words.

ELIZABETH, Chicago.—Amiability, sincerity and justice. Avoid hurry and excitement, exercise your strength of will, and do not allow confusion to ensue.

PANDORA.—Oh, yes, you are still a "girl." Your writing shows reso ve, resolution, ability to manage things and people, and a commendable habit of making the best of things.

CLATHENIA.—See first part of answer to Valerie. Now you've been scolded, and I will tell you the characteristics denoted by your writing—self esteem, self-will, order and impatience.

FRANK G., Fenelon Falls.—Yours was a very nice letter. Write whenever you think I can help you. Your writing exhibits determination, a hasty temper, a kind heart, much tenderness and ambition.

COLEMAN.—Your "next issue" pr quest, causes me "extreme mental and physical hesitude." Writing shows extreme esteem, energy, resolution, much of the social quality, some self-esteem, and considerable pcsh.

CARMEN.—You are impulsive, a little irresolute, very ambitious, generous, perhaps a little too outspoken. About the music, I should say yes, about the other, how could I tell you? You certainly should be a favorite.

HIGH COLLAR.—Why didn't you write in your ordinary hand. This little cramped up specimen pains my eyes. It shows very little save vanity, self-esteem, erratic disposition in a few letters which, I suppose, slipped in by mistake.

CURIOSITY.—It was not evidently just at the rules. Curiosity, for your specimen was laxed this way in accordance with your request. It shows generosity, sensitiveness, a ready sympathy and a rather despondent nature.

VALERIE O.—You send me a quotation with your name—no thing more. Do you wish me to do so in the characteristics of your penmanship? If you do, why not say so? It is a forced hand showing only vanity, decision, a little order and sense of fitness.

NELLIE ELY.—Your writing shows influence, precision, a dislike of ostentation and a thoroughly practical nature. If he is careless to unctuousness you can't respect him thoroughly, but don't be too particular, and take all the circumstances into account.

HIPPET.—1. About eighteen. 2. Conveying a false impression as to your esteem. 3. Upon coming in bathe the face in hot water, rub on a very little cold cream, and powder lightly. Writing shows decision, good executive ability, perseverance and energy.

BIRDIE.—Tampering with them usually ends in disappointment. You had much better not try. If you will use something bathe the face in sour buttermilk or paint the ir ckles with a camel's hair brush dipped in lemon juice. Self-reliant, impatient and warm hearted.

MOSQUITO, Belleville.—My candid opinion of you is that you are a great big bother, with a capital "B." I do not remember your writing. It shows perseverance, vanity, self-will, self-reliance, a little insincerity, carelessness and impatience, considerable originality and ambition, nervous temperament and energy.

ROSEBAR BEG.—Self-will, self-esteem and indecision are exhibited by your writing. Be d standard works and cultivate a habit of observing the beauties of everyday life. For the hands wash them in tepid water in which a little oatmeal has been scattered. Then dry carefully and while moist apply rose water, rubbing them gently until quite dry.

SAN JUAN, Hamilton.—To be sure I will not spread the "angel qualities" on with undue thickness. I did not think I was in the habit of doing that, and several aggressive individuals have enquired my private address, with malice in their tones. I believe you are a voluble talker, with a hasty temper, a gift for repartee, a careless fun-loving nature, and a rather selfish disposition.

DOT.—So you haven't quite decided whether I am a "nice young fellow" or a "pious retired curmudgeon?" Well I have the advantage of you for here is your writing to tell me what you are. You're a little flippant, Dot, aren't you? Yes, flippant and generous, rather witty, a little careless, with enough self-will and self-esteem to keep people from performing the little-finger act, and—oh, well, taken altogether you are rather nice.

MELROSE.—If the use of glycerine is continued for a long time, and it is used excessively, I have no doubt that it will cause a growth of down. However, I think a great deal would have to be used first. If it suits your skin dilute it with rose water, and, using it occasionally, you will, I think, find no ill effects. Yes, the borax is good for a greasy skin. 2. "Tall" or "high" can be used latter changeably. 3. I am not familiar with the saying about the letters. It seems rather a dogmatic one, and I'm a little skeptical as to its truth.

GORDON.—Your letter interests me. I am much in the same fix as the old man who wanted to swear and had only English. My vocabulary may be too limited, but you may be sure that the quantity of the quality makes considerable difference. You are doubtless very decided even to obstinacy. I think you are hot-headed, ambitious, self-reliant, thoughtful, faithful in friendship and perhaps a little uncharitable towards those who do not reach your standard of excellence. Yes, write again, if you will, but tell me what you think—never mind the friends. Use the name as much as you like.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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To The Trade.

SATURDAY NIGHT will be issued one day earlier next week on account of our regular publication day falling on a public holiday. Subscribers will get their papers on Friday, and the trade will also be supplied on that day. Orders should be left a day earlier with the publishers, 9 Adelaide street West.

Music.

What a military week this has been! First, on Monday, the Queen's Own Rifles had a gala night, and then on Tuesday and Wednesday the Royal Grenadiers held the boards. Both performances possessed features of originality, and both were popular to a degree. The Queen's Own had a well-designed entertainment entitled Life on a Troopship. This enabled them to combine the two popular objects of hero-worship, the army and navy, in both scenic and musical treatment. The scene was handsomely set on the deck of a troopship, and the music was judiciously divided between martial and nautical strains, to which must be added the music by the fine band of the regiment. A long programme was performed, in which Mr. Bayley had his hands full as musical director. Well-known names, such as those of Messrs. Warrington, Gorrie, Litster, Baguley, Davies, graced the programme, and these gentlemen's excellent efforts were loudly applauded. The choruses were fine in tone and rendition, and the splendid drum march under Bugle Major Swift was a pleasing novelty. Variety was offered by manual firing and bayonet exercises, single stick drill, guard mount, sailor's hornpipe, trapeze and horizontal feats, all combining to complete an entertainment which afforded pleasure and diversion to a brilliant house. The Grenadiers' entertainment will be noticed next week.

•

The plan I offered a few weeks ago as a solution of the problem how a professional orchestra could be inspired with life and could retain life after its inception, seems to have found favor in the eyes of the fraternity. It was so practical, at all events, that several claimed the idea as an origination of their own. Be that as it may, I am satisfied that good should be done, no matter who owned the idea, and am therefore equally glad to find that the suggestion has been acted upon. A few days ago a meeting was held at which the most prominent professional instrumentalists were present. The utmost harmony prevailed and an organization upon the lines of what is known in the profession as "commonwealth" was formed and will be called the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Signor D'Auria was chosen as conductor and it is proposed to give four concerts next season. This shows the right spirit on the part of the musicians; a desire to take some of the risk themselves, and the enterprise which leads to success. In Signor D'Auria they will have a leader of large and varied experience, one who is thoroughly familiar with all orchestral routine.

•

They appear to have a little musical difficulty in Montreal over some recent musical performances, the question of whole or partial authorship of a cantata being the battle ground. I have received the following warm letter, and in the interest of candor and fair dealing will cheerfully make room for further comment (short and terse) thereon:

MONTREAL, May 13, 1890.

DEAR METRONOME—If you will in your valuable paper, say which of the two, Vogrich or Harrison, had the most to do in the compiling of Daniel before the King you will give the right to assert itself. Really there must be a champion of right, equity and justice, or else discord will not only mar everything but also destroy every musician's honest efforts. A paper begins to make its importance felt as soon as it is known that its support is the pillar of truth.

•

The "Evening with Richard Wagner," which the Philharmonic Society will give on Tuesday evening next in the Pavilion, will be a departure from ordinary programme. The selections from this master's operas are of a sufficiently varied character, there being two from Rienzi, the overture and the chorus of the Messengers of Peace; the March and Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhæuser; the prayer and finale to the first act, and the introduction and Bridal March from the third act, from Lohengrin; a beautiful chorale, and the grand finale to Die Meistersinger. The soloists are to be Miss Kate Ryan, soprano; Miss Ecclestone, contralto; Mr. W. H. Rieger of New York, tenor; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone, and Mr. E. W. Schuch, basso. Mr. Rieger, who comes with the best recommendations from New York, will sing Walters' Prize Song from Die Meistersinger. Miss Ryan and Mr. Blight will sing the grand duet from the Flying Dutchman, and Mr. Schuch will sing the solo in the prayer and finale from Lohengrin.

•

The Sons of England in this city seem determined not to be outdone by other societies in getting up a first-class entertainment. All the city lodges have combined to present, judging from the fine array of talent, a really artistic entertainment that will commend itself not only to the membership of this popular order, but largely to the music loving people of the city. The Queen's Birthday, May 24, is a most opportune day for an English concert and a general wish has been expressed that it should become an annual event. Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the favorite tenor, needs no comment. He will sing The Death of Nelson and the ever popular Come Into the Garden, Maud. Miss Clara Barnes has always received a splendid reception the few times she has appeared before our public, and her fine contralto voice will be heard to great advantage in Sullivan's Lost Chord. Mrs. Schultz will make her first appearance here as a soprano, but she comes well recommended by the critics of Detroit and will, no doubt, endeavor to leave a good impression here. Mr. Tom Hurst and Mr. Harry Rich will look after the humorous part of the programme which they are well capable of doing. Mr. H. M. Blight's popularity is well established, as is that of Mrs. Blight, both of whom will take part. The plan will open at Nordheimer's on Monday morning at 8 o'clock.

•

Mr. Karl Schmidt, who has been here for a season as cello soloist, marks another case where good talent finds that a better market awaits it in a larger sphere. He has been engaged as first cellist in Theodore Thomas' orchestra at a handsome salary, and leaves Toronto on May 25. His departure is much to be regretted, as he is both a good artist and a genial man.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The stage of the Grand Opera House was occupied during the first half of the week by the entertainments of the Queen's Own Rifles and the Grenadiers. These events, which were largely musical and spectacular, attracted enormous crowds. The excellence of the entertainment justified the size and brilliancy of the assemblages, however, and the two regiments are to be congratulated on the *eclat* which attended their performances.

•

The Kendals are the bill for the latter half of the week. To the repertoire which they presented here in December has been added B. C. Stephenson's comedy drama, Impulse. The play had a run of five hundred nights in London. It was produced in America at one time by Lester Wallack. Impulse sparkles with delightfully comic situations and, it is said, affords Mr. and Mrs. Kendal an excellent vehicle for their light and spontaneous style of acting. Notwithstanding the fact that the Kendals came to America with something very like a prejudice existing here against them and notwithstanding that it has been published far and wide that they were shrewd schemers and that Mrs. Kendal paraded her maternal affection as well as her opinions on things in general for the sole and only purpose of doing business, the fact remains that the great American public has taken them to its heart as it rarely has taken artists from the other side of the water. They have not only received the unanimous endorsation of the public, but have captured the favors of the best critics as well. Taking everything into consideration it is pretty difficult for a person of Mrs. Kendal's standing in the dramatic profession to avoid giving the press those views and opinions which she has been censured for making public. The ubiquitous interviewer is so pleasuring after personal matters regarding celebrities nowadays that silence is the only safeguard and that frequently gives offence. So that if the American public has suffered any loss through the impressions and opinions given by Mrs. Kendal to the press, the American public has itself to blame. It is to satisfy the appetite of the public that the press seeks after and publishes those interviews. People in the theatrical line are often asked their opinions of matters on which they are no more competent to speak than a navvy is to lecture on the nebular hypothesis and if they sometimes talk nonsense they are not much to be blamed. A London burlesque actress and singer babbled something to a reporter of one of the city dailies here not long ago about not meeting any ladies in New York, or something to effect. Some of the big New York papers took it up and waxed as indignant over it as if this opinion had been given forth by one of the greatest social students of the day. The report carried its own condemnation. Every intelligent person knows that New York has thousands of ladies as cultured and as well-bred as any other city in the world. The proper place to judge actors or actresses is behind the footlights. If their work and conduct is satisfactory there, the public need not care much if their talk outside is mostly chaff with a minimum of wheat in it.

The Two Sisters has been on the boards at the Academy of Music all week. This play, which is reputed to be by the authors of The Old Homestead, does not do them much credit. It is not difficult to see that the writers have in some respects followed the lines of construction of The Old Homestead. But in the results produced there is a vast discrepancy. The one is redolent of the health-giving breezes of a New Hampshire farm, while the other is unwholesome with the squalor and abjectness of poverty in the tenement quarters of New York. It is not because of these different atmospheres which surround the two plays, however, that the one is superior to the other. The elements of drama lie thicker and nearer to one's hand in the streets and alleys of cities, where the current of life runs fiercest, and the destroying rocks are thickest, where the shadows are deepest and the lights are brightest, than they do in the country where life is more placid and unruffled and its contrasts less abrupt. The trouble with this play, The Two Sisters, lies not in its location but in its formation. I think it overshoots the mark in the effort to convey a moral. It seems to me that the play was found not to contain the elements of popularity in itself. Something had to be done to make it go. The play was yanked and twisted out of shape to introduce special features. These special features arrest the action at times till it is almost forgotten. With souls steeped in sorrow at the misfortunes of betrayed innocence we are suddenly called on to participate in a conversation with an Irish nurse girl and a Dutch policeman or a mendacious French-Canadian who is as much at home in the play as a sucker in a plate of oyster soup. We drown our woes with these conversations and scraps of melody, which by the way were very good, until we are in very good humor with things in general, when suddenly we are again called on to weep at the misfortunes of the distressed heroine. There are no characters in The Two Sisters—merely sketches. The scenic effects were pretty good. The company presenting it contains some clever players. Mr. Add Ryman and Mr. W. H. Currie lead among the men, while Miss Merrick and Miss Olive May played the part of the sisters with considerable feeling.

•

The World Against Her is a play with a disconsolate heroine which Kate Claxton has made something of a success. It has been running at Jacobs and Sparrow's all week with Agnes Wallace Villa in the leading role. It is a melodrama but something better than the ordinary fire-eating style of play usually designated by that title. A faithful wife is separated from her husband by the artifices of a villain—a conventional villain. The husband believes her unfaithful to him and they separate. After suffering much hardship and being reduced to the point of starvation she has her child stolen by the villain. Her husband at length discovers that she has been faithful to him through it all, finds her, slaughters the cause of their unhappiness and everything is rosy. Agnes Wallace Villa throws a good deal of emotional feeling into the difficult part of the injured wife. It is one of those subdued roles that require a great amount of power to make them acceptable. She is supported by a very fair company. Mr. Robert Neil in the leading male character is somewhat stagey, but conscientious in his work. Mr. Harry Trayer made an excellent villain. The juvenile work of Mr. Reddick Anderson and Miss Lucie Villa was very bright and clever, though the audience could have worried along nicely if Little Annie Rooney had been left slumbering. Mr. Horace James and Miss Bella Theodore are excellent as a Punch and Judy travelling show company. The rest of the cast was better than the average.

•

At Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House week commencing May 19 with matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, will be seen Miss Kate Purssell, a clever and popular actress, in her successful and exciting play Queen of the Plains. The play is full of sensation, and Miss Purssell, who is a handsome woman, shows to great advantage in the character of Jane Grayling. The story is as follows: Her mother is driven from home by the jealous rage of her father, and with Jane, then a little child, seeks refuge with a brother, who is in hiding in the Western mountains, accused of a crime of which he is innocent. The father's persecutions follow them even there, and believing the brother she lives with to be a paramour, he incites the vigilantes to kill all three. The mother and brother are killed, but Jane and an old faithful servant escape, and from that time she becomes almost a demon, swearing eternal vengeance against all implicated in the murdering. She often appears in man's attire and other disguises, allying herself with road agents, outlaws, gamblers and cut-throats, seeking her victims everywhere, who sooner or later succumb to her terrible vengeance. She becomes such a terror that they nickname her Calamity Jane, and to others she is known as Captain Wolf. The drama is said to be full of comedy, pathos and thrilling situations, and several very attractive and sensational specialties are introduced by an excellent supporting company. The scenery used in the drama is very elaborate and beautiful, and many startling and realistic scenic effects are promised. Miss Purssell will introduce her famous thoroughbred horse, Firefly, at every performance, and her fine acts on horseback are among the most exciting scenes in the play.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Fanny Davenport is preparing for next season the new play, Cleopatra, in the original French, of which Bernhardt recently hoped to create a sensation.

Rumor has it that Sir Arthur Sullivan is at work on the long-promised grand opera, that Eugene Field is to furnish the libretto, and that the whole will be given to the world in November.

When Miss Mary Anderson read that Mr. Abbey had stated as his opinion that she would be a greater actress than ever after twelve months of matrimonial bliss, she simply remarked, "I always held that marriage was the be-all and the Kend-all of artistic life."

William Harris, of Rhea's company, is responsible for the assertion that there was one time an Indian woman who used to stand, with a shawl over her head, near the City Hall Park New York, and solicit the public thus:

"Would yees plase buoy a pair of mockesens of a poor Ingin widdy?"

Dion Boucicault's new play for Sol Smith Russell will be presented at Daly's August 18. It is an idyl of the streets of New York, and is superlatively realistic. A tailor is the hero. One of those quiet, unconscious heroes of the Tom Pinch type, but a hero nevertheless, and while there is nothing ridiculous about him, he is very comic and interesting.

Georgie Drew Barrymore has been telling some of her eastern friends a good story on a well-known manager of a Chicago theater. The manager is noted for his gallantry, and many a pretty actress can testify that he is almost without a rival as an entertainer. One Saturday night, when the company with which Mrs. Barrymore was playing had completed its Chicago engagement, this young manager met the lady as she was leaving the theater, and, getting into her carriage, escorted her to the depot, where she was to take a train for the east. As she was about to dismiss the carriage, her gallant escort told her not to pay the driver, for he would drive home in the same carriage and settle with the driver himself. "Oh, you'll settle with him, will you?" said Mrs. Barrymore, naively, without a suggestion of mischief in her quizzical eye: "Very well; thank you. Good-bye!" She took the train and the manager was driven home. "How much?" he asked the driver, taking a $2 bill from his pocket. "Twenty-eight dollars," was the reply. "What—for a dozen blocks. You robber! What do you mean?" "Twenty-eight dollars is what I mean. I've been taking the lady to and from the theater all the week, and that's what it amounts to. You told her you'd settle." The manager settled.

Art and Artists.

A most enjoyable evening was spent on Tuesday at the atelier of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club. Mr. Sherwood, O. S. A., gave a particularly interesting lecture on Color in Nature and Its Place in Architecture, being received with repeated plaudits from start to finish. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer. Mr. Gambler Bousfield had a few remarks to make in his own peculiar way, followed by Mr. Sam Jones, secretary of the Art Students' League, with a few "weighty" Buffalonian jokes that shall be kept inviolate. J. P. Murray, one of the veterans of the association, offers a prize for the best suggestion from the students for the decoration of their rooms, the walls at present being a very offensive white, another donation to follow when put in execution. Among those present I observed Messrs. O. R. Hughes, E. Wiley, J. A. Radford, J. Brown, Secretary Gregg, E. Burke.

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The Ontario Society of Artists met on Tuesday evening. There were present Messrs. F. M. Bell-Smith, J. W. L. Forster, J. A. Radford, W. A. Sherwood, F. R. Gagen, F. M. Knowles, Matthews, Hannaford, Revel, C. Forbes, Smith, Reford, T. M. Martin, Cutts. Pictures for the forthcoming exhibition are to be in not later than the twenty-first. The private view of the exhibition will be held on the evening of May 23. A committee was appointed to have their sick *confrere*, Mr. Perre, who had been ill for some time, removed to the hospital. At the time of writing his life is despaired of.

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The Woman's Art Club has held an excellent exhibition of work all this week in the Yonge street Arcade. The club has not been long in existence, but promises to encourage art by drawing together those interested in it. The patronesses are: Mesdames Gzowski, Armstrong, John Cameron, Irving Cameron, Edgar, Farrer, Falconbridge, H. H. Humphrey, McPhedran, MacVicar, Osler, B. B. Osler, John Payne, Sullivan, Street and Wade. The following ladies hold office: Mrs. M. E. Dignam, president; Miss E. Armstrong, vice-president; Miss M. F. Pattullo, secretary, and Miss C. D. Osler, treasurer.

A Chatty New York Letter.

The glorious spring weather of the last few weeks has brought forth crowds of well-dressed folks and the opposite. Fifth avenue and Broadway, the two main promenades, are crowded morning and afternoon with such perfectly well-dressed and over-dressed women and men as only New York can turn out.

I recently met, from Toronto, Dr. Rattress and his bride, and also Mr. and Mrs. Fraser McDonald; the latter honeymooners were staying at the Gilsey House, which is a capital hotel. The petite bride looked very charming. Visitors to New York wishing to economize would do well to find rooms in a good locality, which can be done at a low figure, and capital dinners can be had at the various American and Italian restaurants at a nominal cost.

The spring exhibition of pictures at the Academy is open. Toronto is represented by Mr. W. Parker Newton, who has a capital sea-piece well hung. I hear good accounts of this rising young artist and his studio on 14th street is well worth a visit. Canadians seem to thrive in business in New York. Mr. R. J. Rattray, who will be remembered as a popular figure at all social festivities in Toronto two years ago, is a member of a large electric light firm and his engagement to a Detroit belle is an open secret among his friends.

The theatrical season is on the wane. The Gondoliers has been the chief theatrical disappointment. The air has been filled with gaiety skirt dancers and their imitators. Carmencita, a Spanish beauty, has set the town crazy by her marvellous, sinuous and snake-like motions and has even been in great demand at private houses, among the four hundred. Rosina Vokes is playing her annual engagement at Daly's, the most *recherche* house in town; her business has been enormous. Mr. Grant Stewart, late of Toronto, has attracted favorable attention even in her clever company by his quiet and natural methods. The chief emphatic success of the season here is Mr. Wm. Crane in The Senator, while his old partner Stuart Robson is in the Henrietta touring some money tonight at the 23rd street theater. Mrs. Leslie Carter's manager, E. D. Price, has had some difficulty in getting good actors to join her somewhat *risque* enterprise, and has gone to England to secure some prominent artists. A Toronto belle of three years ago, Mrs. A. Ratliff, has been a popular member of Augustin Daly's forces for three years. Next season she joins The Senator.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moffatt have a bijou flat uptown. Mr. Harry Reynolds of the British North America bank has left to take the teller's position in Toronto, where he was a favorite in society four years ago. Among old Toronto residents are Baron Von Turkheim who is daily to be seen on Wall street and I often meet the two Messrs. Kingvett, one of whom is in the theatrical business and doing well.

Apropos of recent weddings the very sensible plan of leaving many gowns of the trousseau unmade is highly popular. White tulle veils are to be worn this season for full dress bonnets. An appalling threat is whispered about that two and even one-buttoned gloves are to be brought back into fashion; but being economical they are not likely to be recommended by the grande dames and modistes who, between them, run the fashions. Gaiters of black cloth or in shades to match gowns will be worn over low shoes for walking, as being cooler and easier than high boots. "Beauty spot" and "patch" veils are the fashionable face coverings of the day, velvet ribbons around the bare throat are again in style.

KILLALOO.

Might be Worse.

Friend (first call)—Um—er—is that banjo your wife's?

Host (reassuringly)—Yes, but she never plays it.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

What of the Future.

For Saturday Night.

You boy, with straw hat old and torn,
With eye so brightly fishing,
Who into every sport are found
With handstrung boldness dashing;
Whose chief delight is e'er to raise
A nerve-destroying racket,
Oh! say what possibilities
Are buttoned 'neath your jacket?

Shall these bare feet, adorned with scars
Of many a sad mishap,
Fail not to bear you past the snares
That youths so oft entrap?
Shall these small hands, with dust begrimed,
And finger nails in mourning,
Be strong in deeds to human good—
To courage a constant warning?

What pathway in the future, boy.
Shall it be yours to travel?
What Gordian knot shall you, my son,
Be called on to unravel?
What weighty problem, yet unsolved,
Awaits your knowledge growing?
What boat on life's storm-rivex sea
Shall you be found on, rowing?

Shall senate hall your presence feel,
The fate of parties turning,
As from your lips, in torrent strong,
Rush words with wisdom burning?
Or shall it, in those days to come,
Be your supreme desire
To give your life for hearth and home
With patriotic fire?

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Perhaps 'twill be your lot, my boy,
To work with goose-quill magic,
And through the ages write your name
By classic crest and tragic.
But ah! I'm surely climbing now
Far up into the rigging,
Mayhap you will with shovel, son,
Fulfil your mission digging.

W.

One of the Left.

For Saturday Night.

My rival was wealthier far,
And his face had a handsomer cast;
He could smoke a delicious cigar,
I was morally strong—he was fast.

He had jilted two earlier girls,
I discountenance people who flirt;
When I called him a swine among pearls
He called me a swine among dirt.

He always threw dust in her eyes,
While I strove to enlighten her youth;
He told her all manner of lies,
While I manfully stuck to the truth.

When I asked her at last to be mine
I found he had asked to be hers;
He had promised her France and the Rhine—
I, the blessings a true heart confers.

I offered her love and a home,
But the programme omitted to draw;
My music was paper and comb,
While he blew his horn with *eclat*.

Now I'm fully recovered from pique
And my heart is as whole as a bung,
But she hasn't her money to seek
And he's sick of the sound of her tongue.

Though marriage may be a success—
A point on which few are agreed—
In courtship, the primary mess,
To fail is good fortune indeed.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Where the Apple Blossoms Blow.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow;
Softly now the fragrant boughs are swinging.
Greet me when the moon begins to glow,
And in the pines the whippoorwills are singing.
With loyal heart a-beat,
Oh, haste with flying feet,
And shame the sluggish hours that wing too slow.
The day was long and dreary,
My heart is worn and weary,
I count the laggard moments as they go,
Love,
Oh,
Meet me where the apple blossoms blow.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow;
Let the floating petals flake your tresses,
Breathing us a benison below,
Crowning our betrothal with caresses.
Far in the upper deep,
The stars are now a peep,
The drowsy river murmurs in its flow,
I hear its voice repeating:
"Life's blossom-time is fleeting."
Ah! let us catch the fragrance ere it go,
Love,
Oh,
Meet me where the apple blossoms blow!

—*The Home Journal.*

An Hour of Trial.

His arm was round my shoulder laid,
He pressed my head against his breast;
I sighed, but not a word was said,
I felt his heart beat through his vest.

The winds of May blew sweet without,
I thought of Adrus at Lodore as fair;
And good man, too, wondering, no doubt
(The hour grew late), I was not there.

His fingers warm upon my cheek,
Still toward his eyes compelled my face.
I only felt; I could not speak,
Fast fettered in that close embrace.

Pain-racked, sore-tried, I fain would flee,
His voice my futile struggle stilled;
"Madam, a little patience. See!"
I rise, I smile. My front tooth's filled.

May Song.

Blue lies the light upon the hills;
Keen scents of earth steal freshly up,
Mixed with the winy air that fills
The valley like a mighty cup.

Warm winds, blown hither from yon wold,
Come laden with the breath of flowers,
And songs of brooks are blithely trolled
Through all the slumberous, sunlit hours.

From far afield, yet sweet and clear
Above the mingled sounds of spring,
Through all the mellow day I hear
The swinging sower lithely sing.

Like flakes of newly-fallen snow,
The blossoms flutter from the trees;
And like far music, faint and low,
I hear the murmur of the bees.

JAMES B. KENYON in *Realms of Gold*

Noted People.

The Pope has pronounced against cremation.

The negotiations for Mr. Edward Lloyd's visit to this continent occupied about a year.

W. W. Story, the American poet and sculptor, is a lover of Italy, and has his permanent home at Rome.

Emin Pasha, who claims that he was rescued from the wilds of Africa against his will, speaks twenty-seven languages and dialects.

King Humbert of Italy receives at least forty prescriptions a week for dyspepsia. Some of them come from the most remote quarters of the earth.

Sig. Campanini has had a tumor removed from his throat, and he has strong hopes that the surgeon's knife has restored his long-lost high C.

Edwyn Anthony, a member of the London Mathematical Society, has devised a code by which any two chess moves can be telegraphed at the cost of one word.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is a drawing card upon the platform. He is to receive $10,000 for twenty lectures with Chautauqua assemblies this summer.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, author of the delightful paper on English Lyrics under the First Charles in *Harper's*, is an accomplished pedestrian, and can walk twenty miles as a pleasant excursion.

Mark Twain wrote to a friend that on the first day of May he had over fifty applications for his signature. Some of the requests are absurd, or, as Mark has it, "monuments of frank, simple, case-hardened cheek."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of those enviable veterans who do not lag superfluous on the stage, has sailed for Europe to live henceforth in London, near her daughter and her clever son, Mr. Theodore Stanton.

When Mr. Vanderbilt left the Riviera for Paris a fortnight ago, he hired a special train to convey himself and Mrs. Vanderbilt with their children and servants. The extravagant caprice was a matter of considerable gossip.

Mrs. Orr, who is writing a biography of Robert Browning, is a sister of Sir Frederick Leighton, and was a special friend of the Browning family. She asks that all letters of the poet containing matter of interest be submitted to her.

Mr. Dion Boucicault, strolling about the London bookstalls some years ago, picked up Gerald Griffin's Collegians, read it, shut himself up with it, and in three days had produced The Colleen Bawn, the most famous Irish play ever written, which has earned for its author over one hundred thousand dollars..

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is compelled to relinquish all correspondence, except with intimate personal friends. "My sight is getting imperfect," he writes to a friend, "and the fatigue of writing is wearing upon me; and, although it will cost me an effort, I feel that, in justice to myself, I must throw off the load, which at threescore and twenty,' is too much for my old shoulders."

Miss Amelia B. Edwards was interviewed not long before she sailed for home by a representative of the New York *Sun*, who asked what had impressed her as peculiar in America. Miss Edwards said: That which most surprises and impresses me is the number, size and importance of women's colleges, the enormous forward movement for education for everybody, and the universality and activity of women's clubs.

Alexander Pope, the American painter of animals, game pieces, and still life, has lately finished a painting which places him higher than ever before on the ascent of Parnassus. It is an essay towards realising the scenes of the Last Days of Pompeii, where Glaucus confronts the lion in the arena, and the beast, instead of attacking his victim, fixes his gaze upon strange portents that he perceives in the atmosphere around the volcano which is soon to overwhelm the fated city.

Although Prince Bismarck's home at Friedricharuhe is only an hour by express train from Hamburg, it is so secluded that the deer in the forest surrounding it have not learned fear of man. The house was originally a hunting lodge, and then an inn. The neighbors are postal and railway officials, the workmen at Bismarck's saw-mill, a tailor, a blacksmith, a miller, and some foresters, and the most important personage is the head forester, who is also mayor of the village.

Alphonse Daudet, the French Dickens, as he is absurdly called, is so near-sighted that he writes at a very high table to avoid perpetual stooping. Although he has earned a fortune and has a beautiful house crowded with beautiful things, he recalls with delight the days of his poverty, and laughs over a successful swindle which he perpetrated on an art dealer of Paris, when, having spent his last sou for the clay, he modelled a clever bust of himself, and sold it at a good price as Balzac when a Boy.

Madame Letitia Bonaparte Wyse Ratazzi de Rute, the madcap grand-daughter of the wise, moderate and dignified Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, brother of the great Napoleon, is still fascinating and romantic at the age of sixty-eight. In the court of the brummagem emperor Napoleon III., who was her second cousin, Madame Ratazzi was the most conspicuous figure, remarkable alike for her beauty, her brilliant talk, her literary gifts, her dramatic talent, and her inborn Bohemianism, which was the delight of the wits and the despair of the court.

Here is a story from Mrs. Anne Ogden Boyce's Memoirs of a Quaker Family: A Sunderland man, visiting W. S. Lindsay the shipowner, was struck by the look of a gentleman who was busy copying figures from some shipping returns. He laid his hand on the man's shoulder and said: "Thoo writes an uncommon vine hand, ma frind, and thoo makes good, clear figures, and thoo has a sensible-like face. I do not know what they give thee here; but just say what thoo'll take to come into ma office in Sunderland, and thoo shalt have it." "We must ask Mr. Lindsay about that," replied the supposed clerk; and Mr. Lindsay, coming in, introduced him. He was Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A Week in Cuba- No. 12.

After our experience at the hotel in Cienfuegos, our party decided that during the balance of our stay in Cuba we would act together and be careful in making arrangements to provide against extortion. I had been instructed to make the arrangements for the transportation of our baggage and to engage quarters at a hotel. A ticket on the train from Batabano to Havana does not entitle the possessor to carry any baggage. My ticket cost me two dollars in gold, equivalent to five dollars in paper money. My baggage was not very extensive, but it cost me ninety cents. It is as expensive to carry a valise as a large trunk; a steamer chair costs more than either.

When the hotel runners boarded the train they were at once referred to me. They spoke English fluently and persuasively. The two best hotels in Havana are the Hotel Pasaje and the Inglaterra, and we intended to take either one or the other. A representative of the Inglaterra said he would take the whole party at three dollars and a half a day. I expressed a preference for the Hotel Pasaje, said we were willing to go to his hotel if he made the rate two dollars and a half a day all round. He laughed at the proposition. He was expecting the runner for the Pasaje to come aboard at the next station and I really pitied the fellow, he worked so hard to induce me to make arrangements at three dollars a day. Seeing that I was determined to get a low rate he introduced the representative of the San Carlos, a large and very handsome hotel near the water's edge, where we would be entertained for two dollars a day. Finally the manager of the Hotel Pasaje, a gentleman named Smyrk, rushed into the car, introduced himself, said he was expecting us, had reserved the finest rooms in the house and from that moment forward we need not give ourselves the slightest trouble with regard to carriages or baggage or anything else.

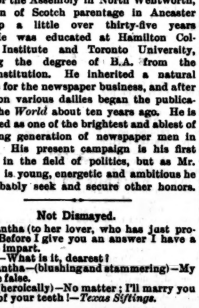
I informed him with cold reserve which I had been accumulating for the purpose, that we did not do business in that way. We would take charge of our own baggage and go to the hotel which gave us the most favorable terms. He continued to smile, expressed himself as sure that such a select party of wealthy ladies and gentlemen would not for a moment think of stopping at any other hotel than the Pasaje, the rates of which he would make for our especial benefit four dollars per day in Spanish gold. I told him that we had resolved not to pay more than two dollars and a half; if we could not stay at the Pasaje for that we could find excellent accommodation elsewhere for probably less money. Then he became angry and told us we would have to go elsewhere; that he did not keep that kind of a house. I assured him that it would be no hardship for us to stay away from his house. He left us and the Inglaterra man returned to the charge. Mr. Smyrk could not stand the thought of sixteen people going past his house. He rushed up to me again with a proposition to take care of us for three dollars a day. As it is without doubt the best hotel in the city—the rendezvous of the best society of Havana—I accepted his terms, making arrangements, however, that portions of a day should not be charged as a full day when were leaving, and stipulated as to the location of the rooms, and guarded against every possibility of our getting the worst of it. The last few miles of our railway trip were exceedingly pleasant, Mr. Smyrk pointing out the objects of interest, dwelling particularly on the gardens of the Capt.-General (the Spanish governor of Cuba), which are exceedingly handsome. The railway station is a couple of miles from the hotel, but I procured a wagon for five dollars in paper—two dollars in gold—which conveyed all our baggage downtown, the same baggage which had cost over fifty dollars to haul less than a fifth of the distance at Cienfuegos. We loaded ourselves into one-horse hacks, many of them very dilapidated, and were driven to the hotel at twenty-five cents apiece. Hotel Pasaje is not a very imposing building. It is three stories high and takes its name from a grand passage which runs through it. In southern countries every effort is made to get a draught of air through the rooms, and it is almost impossible to sit anywhere without feeling that one is in danger of being blown away. The rooms on the second floor of the hotel are smaller and not so well furnished as those on the third floor but they are all lofty. If you leave your windows open the draught will lift the bed clothes up when you want to get in. The upper rooms of Hotel Pasaje are exceedingly fine with tiled floors, abundance of rocking chairs, and American furniture of all sorts. The beds have mattresses on them and it was a comfort again to feel something more substantial than a sieve under one. The beds are not particularly soft and the pillows appear to be stuffed with cotton and by nightly pressure and daily pounding gather themselves into hard wads. The dining room is at the front of the house and along one side of the grand passage. The windows are always open, and a northern person sitting down to a meal is sure to imagine that he will get his death of cold in such a frightful draught. However, one soon gets used to it and colds are by no means a certain result. The bill of fare includes coffee and fruit early in the morning, breakfast from nine till twelve, dinner four till six. For breakfast one has eggs, fish, meat, fruit, tea and coffee. At dinner the bill of fare is not much inferior to what one finds in a New York hotel. The fish, however, are always fried, the soup is always thin, and the potatoes not quite palatable. With Hotel Pasaje we had but little fault to find. Interpreters were always at hand, the clerks were courteous, and there was not the slightest attempt to ignore the agreement made with us. Other guests, however, who had been less careful in their arrangements were charged high prices and the list of extras was quite astonishing. When a proprietor of a hotel understands that his guests know what they are about and intend to scrutinize every item of a bill there is less tendency to pile on the agony.

We arrived in Havana on Sunday evening about five o'clock. A bull fight was in progress, but we did not go to see it. I had had all the bull fights I wanted while in Mexico, and except on special occasions they are apt to be great frauds, no one undertaking any risk worth mentioning except the poor spavined horses who are ridden into the ring to be killed. A genuine bull fight is interesting, thrilling, but so excessively brutal that no civilized person ever wants to see a second. The American visiter in Havana is always wildly anxious to visit the bull ring, but the majority of them see nothing but a sham fight.

The streets of Havana, which are very narrow, are paved with square, rough stones over which the hacks, always rapidly driven, bump along in a way to shake up one's liver. In the older parts of the city the sidewalks are not over five feet wide, the houses principally one and two story buildings, the stores small, but filled with gay goods. Obispo street has the handsomest shops and one can buy prettier knicknacks and notions there than in any other place in America. The next best street is O'Reilly, named after a Spanish count. Irish names are not uncommon among some of the oldest Spanish families. Privacy seems to be but little sought after in the houses, as the sides of the buildings seem to be composed of windows and doors, which, in the evening, are thrown open, scarcely ever being closed, except to keep out the heat. Little plazzas or courtyards in the center of the house frequently contain magnificent tropical trees and shrubs, and lend to the interiors a cool, inviting and picturesque appearance. Principe Alfonso street is mostly where the cheap goods are displayed! The guide book calls it the Bowery of Havana. Theaters, or rather opera houses, are very numerous in Havana. We visited the Tacon one night and were astonished by its seating capacity and shabbiness. It has five galleries, will seat three thousand people at a theatrical entertainment and hold twice that many at a ball. They have a queer habit of charging so much per act. The play advertised for the evening when I visited the Tacon was La Tierra. It cost a paper dollar, equivalent to forty cents, to see the first act. I did not want to see any more. The name of the piece suggested the land, but the scene was laid on board ship, something I did not discover until pretty near the end of the act, the scenery being by no means plentiful or realistic. The first person to arrive on the stage was a tenor, cross-eyed and ugly with no voice to speak of. For five or ten minutes he paced up and down employing himself in unintelligible song, retiring finally over the side from the ship. A little child crawled up through a hole in the floor and sang in a lonesome sort of a way for three or four minutes when he was reinforced by another tenor. After singing at each other for a spell, a woman, short of stature but laden down with flesh, managed to squeeze up through the trap door—I made a little sketch of her which appears as an initial to this article. I never saw anything like it before. She was dressed in tights which were so exceedingly tight and apparently incapable of holding so much adipose tissue, that one felt really nervous less they might burst. Very fleshy women do not look well in that sort of a garb. This particular person did not have the modesty to even wear trunks. As she sang she wheezed and seemed to struggle with a continual tendency towards apoplexy. Her adventures with the cross-eyed tenor were not exciting, but when the basso sprang on deck from the clouds and sang some stirring sentiment in splendid voice Signora Fatti locked so pleased I felt quite sure that she would have a fit. When finally the cross-eyed tenor had been foiled, eight chorus girls in all states of decrepitude and obesity marched on the stage and the act wound up about as joyfully as a funeral.

Don.

One of Meredith's Young Men.



William Findlay Maclean, the Meredith candidate for the Assembly in North Wentworth, was born of Scotch parentage in Ancaster township a little over thirty-five years ago. He was educated at Hamilton Collegiate Institute and Toronto University, receiving the degree of B.A. from the latter institution. He inherited a natural aptitude for the newspaper business, and after serving on various dailies began the publication of the *World* about ten years ago. He is recognized as one of the brightest and ablest of the young generation of newspaper men in Canada. His present campaign is his first venture in the field of politics, but as Mr. Maclean is young, energetic and ambitious he will probably seek and secure other honors.

Not Dismayed.

Aramantha (to her lover, who has just proposed)—Before I give you an answer I have a secret to impart.

Lover—What is it, dearest?

Aramantha—(blushing and stammering)—My teeth are false.

Lover (heroically)—No matter; I'll marry you in spite of your teeth!—*Texas Siftings.*

No Security Required.

Mr. Pugle Curry—Guv me t'ree dollars on dee dog!
Mr. Iky Augenstein—Mine frient, I gif you dose t'ree tollars, but I treat you as a scientleman—I takes me no colladerals.—*Puck.*

An Independent Address.

Following is a copy of the letter of acceptance and platform of principles presented by Mr. E. E. Sheppard to the Haldimand Convention. The principles will be at once recognized as those he has been so long advocating:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Liberal Conservative Convention of Haldimand:

I desire to thank you for having nominated me as your candidate in the coming contest. I appreciate the honor, and in accepting am fully aware of the great responsibility I am undertaking. I do not consent from myself, nor do I desire to hide from the public, that my nomination was the result of Mr. W. E. Meredith's suggestion and your generous confidence. That he asked you to nominate me, that you did so, that he asked me to accept, made it impossible for me to refuse, even if it were my desire to evade the duty which devolves upon me and every citizen at this crisis. Such is not my impulse; I desire to do everything in my power to uphold the eternal principles which have been emblazoned upon your banner in this fight. I desire, however, at the very outset, to make clear to you my position, a position which is somewhat unique, a position which you should understand before finally accepting me as your candidate.

I have never been enamored of party names. I have prided myself upon the same and independent attitude of independent. For nearly eight years I have been in the control and editorial management of an independent newspaper, in which I have spared neither party when occasion seemed to demand criticism. During this period, and prior to it, I had the warmest friendship for Mr. E. Meredith, and his policy was much more attractive to me than that of any other politician, but never until now has his platform embodied such a large percentage of my cherished opinions that I could conscientiously embrace it and follow him as my leader. Time and the force of public events have brought to maturity and ripened into a party policy many views which he has long held, but which could not at once, or even for a party, be accepted by a party made up of so many individuals, and—may I say it?—influenced by the conservative and diverging impulses of the Senate and Provincial politics. I am overjoyed that the day has come when not only myself but thousands of independent critics of public affairs can march in line with the Liberal-Conservative party of Ontario, confident of victory as we are unalterably confident of the truth, justice and practicability of our position. Our leader may in some minor matters go further than I do, in some things I go further than he does, in everything we may neither of us agree with all of you, but on the main questions of this campaign I am with him, and I am sure you are with him, heart and soul. That he has had sufficient confidence in me and my loyalty to ask you to do me the great honor you have done me is no light guarantee of my good faith—a guarantee which you have accepted, a guarantee, the meaning and responsibility of which I do not misapprehend. I am the guarantee which I give him and you in return is the pledge that if elected I shall follow him in all good things, assist him in his efforts to crystallize into law the principles which I affirm and to support him in the proper and patriotic government of the Province when he is invited, as I am convinced he will be, to enter into the administration of our affairs. I hold the mutual confidence of honest men to be sacred, an invisible bond, and while I am not prepared to have heaped upon my brow any partisan name from which I may not be relieved should principle ever be sacrificed for party, I am sure that respect for myself, my gratitude and regard for you and my admiration and affection for our leader shall prevent me from separating myself from the counsels of the party for any personal, trifling or ephemeral reason.

If, however, any vital questions arise upon which my esteemed leader and myself conscientiously differ, and thereby imperil the existence of his Government, I shall at once ask this convention to reconsider my place in matter before you, and if instructed by you to vote against my conscience, I shall resign my seat or record your vote if time shall not meanwhile enable you to elect a new representative, and then resign.

I am scrupulous about these matters, gentlemen of the convention, not because I am over anxious for my own political safety. Name and position are to me a box labelled "poison" may contain honey, though I admit it is a queer place to put sweet stuff; a bottle may have a honey label, but may contain poison—such is unusual way, you will observe, of inducing people to take something they do not want. Party ties and roughshod rats are always given to the victim in his tea or food as Reaction is sometimes fed us out of a Reform spoon. Names, my friends, repeat mean nothing unless principles are behind them, and I do not propose to inextricably yoke myself to a name, though I may somewhat hesitate in adopting a principle. "Reform," as the title of a party, once meant to me all that the name implies; now it means the blind and passionate party led by men who have deserted and yoked them with the Roman Catholic hierarchy. I see the rank and the file, the honest men who have followed these jobbers and office seekers getting rich and grunting as if they were hauling the load. I sympathize with the patriots who refuse to find comfort instead of emptying the barrel and of the big while smooth-voiced leaders find sufficient occupation in carrying the "swag." If the fundamental principle left the Liberal-Conservative party is such a pitiable plight as I now see the Reform party in, I should not want to wear the name or support the Government of it. But this is not the main reason why I desire to be so explicit. I desire to ask the Reform convention for the support of all the electors of Haldimand, irrespective of party, who are in sympathy with the principles which are the reason for my being in this fight. I do not propose, no matter how remote may be the possibility, that it shall ever be said that I allowed a party to take the standard of my fellow-men. It would be as shameless an assessment if I were to betray the elector independent of party as if I were to betray you. Neither shall it be done, and to avoid any false posture I have fully stated my position, and on this line I shall ask you to join with me in appealing to the electors of Haldimand on these principal grounds:

I. One language, one flag, one patriotism.

II. The complete abolition of all exemptions from taxation: every citizen, every alien, every race, every denomination, every building, every plot of ground, every piece of property to be equitably taxed without regard to the creed of the owner or the purpose to which the property is devoted, excepting only the ground, buildings of the dead, who cannot pay taxes and whose last resting place should not be disturbed or desecrated by the indifference or carelessness of the living. Christ paid his taxes, and there is no institution or person who should try to escape it the Saviour himself set the example, contributing unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's.

III. The complete separation of church and state in (*a*) taxation, (*b*) education, and (*c*) legislation. This includes, (*a*) exemptions from taxation as set forth above, (*b*) denominational separate or opposition school, should cease in their existence; secondly, in the favoritism shown them by the Government whatever the weight possessed by the Governments, instead of being a standing protest against the principle of sectarian education, is a continued and fulsome encouragement to it; (*c*) provincial aid and grants to sectarian institutions whereby the sick and unfortunate are taught to believe that a donation—an unrecognized portion of the community—instead of the state or whole community is charged with the maintenance or relief of the distressed. I am for no grants of money to sectarian hospitals and homes, which should be given to nondenominational, municipal or provincial institutes.

IV. Elective county officials—That the patronage currently used by the Government for the appointment of men to serve the people shall be taken away from it. That the people shall elect their sheriff, registrar, court clerks, license commissioners, and all other than judicial officials, such as are now appointed by a central power, thus fully demonstrating that the people are intelligent enough to select good men and love righteousness sufficiently well to desire and obtain the services of men who can serve them properly. By this procedure bribery, by means of place and preferments, will be largely done away with, thus saving the community from having political hacks forced upon them, and at once depriving the Government of means of corrupting the leaders of the people under the guise of government appointments.

V. The election of our Provincial Governor, the abolition of Government House and the saving to the Province of the enormous expenditure for their maintenance.

VI. The removal of our school system from the bitterness and disturbance of politics.

VII. The honest bookkeeping of our provincial accounts, the employment and retrenchment of those taken.

VIII. A secret ballot for all; equal right for all, in the fullest sense of the manifesto issued by the Equal Rights Association.

Some of these planks may be new to you; concerning some of them you may not have made up your mind; on all of them our leader and I are not entirely agreed, on none of them do we widely differ; upon all of them I was in harmony with a certain number of both Conservatives and Reformers in the last Legislature. For years I have been making a fight upon these lines, and I have to say as a tribute to the breadth and liberality of our leader's mind, as a recognition of his generous views, that while he does not endorse my position in its entirety, I am not going behind his back in announcing myself in favor of these radical measures. That I shall do all within my power, if elected, to influence the legislation of this province in the direction outlined I need not reiterate. For ten years this has been my platform: in success, as well as in defeat, I shall it, hit with all my might for the establishment of these principles, insisting without compromise on those principles which our leader has endorsed in this campaign, and continually urging upon him, the Liberal-Conservative party and the country such other views as I have expressed and hold to be right, proper and expedient.

If, after hearing my position and becoming personally acquainted with my imperfections as a speaker and the physical infirmities which have been crowded upon me, and may render me unfit to fight as vigorously in this campaign as I and you may desire, you are still of the opinion that you can work heartily and hopefully with me, I am at your service—at the service of the electors of Haldimand—as I hope I may ever hold myself to be at the service of my countrymen everywhere.

Edmund E. Sheppard.

In Toronto.

Having had business down town evenings of late, and always carrying a large quantity of valuables, I have felt some anxiety as to my safety, till a few evenings ago when I was assured of this fact.

Leaving the corner of York and Wellington streets about 11.15 p.m., I turned my face towards home, and after going some little way I perceived a stranger following. This of course did not trouble me till I turned along King street, when I noticed he still followed me. Then I made a little quicker move, which he also did; then I slowed up, and even stopped, in the hope that he might go by. But, no, he stopped too! I started again, but was now beginning to feel rather shaky, when the climax came.

Just as I turned up Sherbourne street, he approached me, and looking me full in the face, roughly growled: "Fares, please!" G.H.P.

How to Fail in Poetry.

The young author generally writes because he wants to write says Andrew Lang in a paper on How to Fail in Literature: either for money, from vanity, or in mere weariness of empty hours and anxiety to amuse friends his relations. This is well, he who would fail cannot begin better than by having nothing to say. The less you observe, the less you reflect, the less you put yourself in the paths of adventure and experience, the less you will have to say, and the more impossible will it be to read your work. Never notice people's manner, conduct, nor even dress, in real life. Walk through the world with your eyes and ears closed, and embody the negative results in a story or a poem. As to poetry, with a fine instinct we generally begin by writing verse, because verse is the last thing that the public want to read. The young writer has usually read a great deal of verse, however, and most of it bad. His favorite authors are the bright lyrists who sing of broken hearts, wasted lives, early deaths, disappointment, gloom. Without having even had an unlucky flirtation, or without knowing what it is to lose a favorite cat, the early author pours forth laments, just like the laments he has been reading. He has too a favorite manner, the old consumptive manner, about the hectic flush, the fatal rose on the pallid cheek, about the ruined roof tree, the empty chair, the rest in the village churchyard. This is now a very old and worn form, but failure may be assured by traveling in this direction. If you are ambitious to disgust an editor at once, begin your poem with Only. In fact you may as well head the lyric Only.

ONLY.

Only a spark of an ember,
Only a leaf on the tree,
Only the day we remember,
Only the days without thee,
Only the flower that thou wearest,
Only the book that we read,
Only that night in the forest,
Only a dream of the dead,
Only the truth that was broken,
Only the heart that is lonely.
Only the sigh and the token
That sob in the saying of Only.

A Touching Tale.

The man of the house was angry, and stepping up in front of the gas-meter, bill in hand, he shook his fist in its face, and said:

"I do not believe that the lies you are the greatest liar this country has ever produced, barring none. You are steeped in villainy up to the very neck of your measure gas! You can no more measure gas than you can measure the length, breadth, and depth of your own infamy, which is without limit and immeasurable. If I were so lost to all sense of shame as you are, I would go off somewhere and hide myself from the light of day."

The gas-meter replied: "I feel that way myself, and that's the reason I am generally found in the cellar."

Where Cost Doesn't Count.

Mr. Scales—You say you are going to leave the grocery business because you are tired of hearing men complain about high prices and growl about the expense of living; but where can you go that you will not hear such complaints

Clerk—I'm going to get a job as bartender.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

He had not realized until that morning how very desolate he should feel when Violet was gone, for she might as well be going out of the world altogether, as far as he was concerned, he thought, as back to Auburn avenue.

How could he let her go—resign her to another sphere, as it were, for some favorite of fortune to win? He was suffering torture, and it seemed almost impossible for him to bid her a formal good-by.

Violet lifted a pained, startled look to his face at his cold, reserved tone.

"Forgive me. I did not mean to offend you," she said; "but you must understand something of how I feel. I know that you have saved my life. I shall never forget it as long as I live, and you must let me unburden my heart in some way. At least, I may give you a little keepsake, if nothing more," she pleaded, earnestly.

He smiled into her upturned face. She was so fair, so eager he had not the heart to repulse her.

"Yes, I should be very glad of some souvenir—you are very good to think of it," he said, with a thrill in his tones which brought the color back to her pale cheeks.

"Thank you for conceding even that much," she returned, brightening; "and now I wonder what it shall be."

"The simplest thing you can think of," Wallace said, hastily, "something that you have worn would be most preferable."

He cut himself short, for he felt that he was betraying too much of what was in his heart.

Violet flushed a sly look at him, and her pulses leaped at his words and the glance that accompanied them.

"Something that I have worn!" she murmured, musingly.

She glanced at her hands, where, upon her white fingers, gleamed several valuable rings; but she instinctively felt that none of these would be a suitable offering.

He certainly would not care for a bracelet—he would not accept her watch.

Then suddenly one dainty hand went up to her throat where her collar was fastened with a beautiful brooch, to which there was attached a pendant as unique as it was lovely.

"Will you have this?" she asked, touching it. "Mamma gave it to me one birthday—you shall have the pendant to wear on your chain, and I will keep the brooch always."

She unfastened the ornament and held it out to him.

The pendant was a small golden medallion with a richly enameled pansy, a tiny diamond in its center, on one side, while upon the other was engraved the name of "Violet."

Wallace flushed with pleasure; he could have thought of nothing that would afford him so much gratification. Still he hesitated to take it.

"I do not like to rob you of your mother's gift," he said, gently.

"Please take it; I want you to have it—that is, if you would like it," Violet said, eagerly, and looking so lovely in her earnestness that he longed to take her in his arms and claim her for his own, then and there.

"You are sure you will not regret it?" he asked.

"Oh—no, indeed; and you can easily detach it, for it is only fastened by this slender ring."

"I think you will have to do that for me," he returned, smiling, and exhibiting two a bit bandaged arm, "for I have only one hand at my disposal."

"True; how thoughtless I am," Violet answered, flushing, and, taking a pair of scissors that lay upon the table, she easily pried the ring apart, detached the pendant and laid it in his hand.

"Thank you," Wallace said, but he was very pale as his fingers closed over the precious gift; and he felt that fate was very cruel to force him to keep silent while his heart was so full of a deathless love. "It is a beautiful little souvenir, and I shall prize it more than I can tell you, Miss Huntington."

Violet tapped her foot impatiently upon the floor and frowned.

"Miss Huntington," she repeated, sarcastically, "how formal! Call me Violet—I do not like to be held at arms' length by my friends. But Mrs. Dean is calling me and I suppose I must go. I have been very happy here in your home in spite of my illness; I have learned to love your mother dearly, and she has promised to come to see me; will you come with her?"

How sweet and gracious she was! how she tempered him with her dignity and her artless, impulsive ways, and it required all his moral strength to resist her and preserve the secret of his love.

"I am afraid I cannot," he replied.

"Why not?" Violet questioned, in a surprised, hurt tone.

"You forget that I am but a laborer—I have little time for social pleasures."

"But you cannot work now—it will be several weeks yet, before your wrist will be strong enough to allow you to go back to your duties," Violet returned, searching his face earnestly.

Wallace flushed hotly; he knew that was a lame excuse to give her; he knew, too, that he must not put himself in the way of temptation; and, believing a straightforward course the wisest, he frankly said:

"Miss Violet," faltering a little over the name, but not wishing to wound her again by the more formal mode of address, "I do not need to tell you, I am sure, how much pleasure it would give me to meet you now and then, but you well know that poor young men, like myself, are not often welcome in the homes of the rich; indeed I should feel myself out of place among the fashionable people with whom you mingle."

"You need not!" Violet exclaimed, earnestly. "I should feel proud to introduce you to any, or all, of my friends, and I promise that you shall receive a most cordial welcome in my home, if you ever honor me by entering it. Now, good-by, Wal—Mr. Richardson, for I must go."

She held out her hand to him, and he took it in a strong, fond clasp—the first time he had ever held it thus, and he felt it was his last—with almost a feeling of despair, for he believed that henceforth they would go their separate ways and have nothing in common.

He accompanied her out and helped her into the carriage, but with a keen pain in his heart, as he saw two diamond-like drops fall upon the velvet cushion as she took her seat, and knew that they were tears of regret over this parting.

The nurse followed her charge, the coachman sprang upon his box, and with one wave of a white hand, one lingering look from a pair of azure eyes, Violet was gone, and that humble home in Hughes street seemed to one person at least, like a house in which there had been a death, and from which peace and contentment had forever flown.

There was no one but the servants to welcome Violet home, for Mrs. Mencke had not returned, and the poor girl felt forlorn and desolate enough.

After bidding the nurse good-by, for the woman had only been commissioned to see her safely home, she went wearily up to her own room, where, after removing her wraps and dismissing her maid, she threw herself upon her bed in a passion of tears, and longing for the caressing tones of Mrs. Richardson's tender hand and the sound of her affectionate, motherly voice.

When Mrs. Mencke finally returned and went to her she found her sleeping, but looking feverish, the tears still upon her cheeks, and with a mournful droop to her sweet lips that was really pathetic.

She awoke with a start and found herself staring up into the handsome face of her sister.

"Well, Violet, I suppose you are glad to be at home again," Mrs. Mencke remarked, cheerfully, but regarding her searchingly.

Violet gave utterance to a deep sigh, but hesitated before replying.

"It is very comfortable here," she at last said, glancing around the luxurious apartment.

"I should think so, indeed, after the close quarters you have inhabited of late," said Mrs. Mencke, with a contemptuous laugh. "Why, the servants' rooms here are better than any portion of that house."

"Yes, but it was very quiet and peaceful and home-like there, and everything was very neat and clean," said Violet, with another sigh.

"Well, everything is neat and clean here also, isn't it?" demanded her sister, sharply, for cleanliness was one of her especial hobbies.

"Of course; but where have you been, Belle?" Violet asked, anxious to change the subject, and glancing over her sister's richly clad figure.

"Oh, to a grand lunch given by the Lincoln Club," Mrs. Mencke replied, all animation; and if you had only been well I certainly should have taken you! I don't know when I have attended so brilliant an affair. But, never mind, you will come out next season, and then we will have plenty of amusement."

Violet did not appear to share her sister's eager anticipation of this event and Mrs. Mencke was secretly much irritated by her languid indifference.

"I sincerely hope that beggarly carpenter hasn't had an opportunity to put any nonsense in her head," she mused. "What a piece of luck!—that she happened to be in that car the day. Of course, the fact that he saved her life has cast a glamour of romance around him—Violet is very impressionable, and it may take time to disenchant her. I hope that nurse was vigilant and did not allow her to see much of him; however, one thing is sure, she won't get a chance to see him henceforth."

Mrs. Mencke was very confident of her ability to put an end to the acquaintance, but she had yet to learn that there were certain events in life which she was powerless to control.

CHAPTER V.

VIOLET ASSERTS HERSELF.

Mrs. Richardson never paid Violet her promised visit, for Mrs. Mencke realized almost immediately that something was very wrong about her young sister, who appeared strangely listless and unhappy, and she often found her in tears.

"This will never do," the worldly woman said, with an energy and decision that governed all her movements. "I'm not going to have Violet moping about like a silly, love-sick damsel."

And after a hasty consultation with the family physician, with scarcely a day's warning, she whisked her off to Chicago, where she engaged rooms at the Grand Union for two months, and when Mrs. Richardson called to see her recent patient, she found the elegant mansion on Auburn avenue closed and could not ascertain whither the Menckes had gone.

The change proved to be very beneficial. Saratoga was, of course, very gay; there was constant round of pleasure into which Violet was at once drawn, for Mrs. Mencke was a lover of society, and she soon became interested as any young girl naturally would under the same circumstances. There was no more moping; there was no more tears; Violet gave herself up, with true girlish abandon, to the allurements that presented themselves on every side, became a great favorite among the belles of the hotel, grew round, rosy, happy, and more beautiful than ever, much to the satisfaction of her sister, who congratulated herself that the "beggarly young carpenter" was entirely forgotten.

Two months were spent at this fashionable resort, then six weeks more were occupied in visiting other places of interest, and when they returned to Cincinnati, about the middle of September, Violet seemed entirely herself once more; she was full of life and spirits, the old light of mischief and happiness danced in her violet eyes, while she was planning for and looking forward to the coming season with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a young *debutante*.

The day following their arrival at home Vio let came in from a round of calls that she had been making, and, feeling too weary to go up to her room just then, she threw herself into a comfortable chair in the library, and took up a paper that lay on the table.

Almost the first words that caught her eye and sent a thrill of horror through her, were these:

"DIED—On the 12th instant, at her home, No.— Hughes street, Mary Ann Richardson, aged 48 years and 9 months. Funeral from her late residence, the 14th, at 2 o'clock p.m."

A cry of pain broke from Violet as she read this.

Her dear, kind friend dead! gone away out of the world into eternity, and she would never see her again!

It did not seem possible; she could not believe it. Poor Wallace, too! how desolate he would be! and, leaving her face upon her hands, the young girl sobbed as if her heart was broken.

All at once, however, she started to her feet. The fact that this was the 14th had suddenly forced itself upon her. The paper was two days old.

Glancing at the clock, she saw that it was half-past twelve; but she might be in time for the last sad services for the dead if she should hasten.

Mrs. Mencke was out, as usual, and Violet was glad of it, for she knew that she would oppose and might even flatly forbid her going.

Hastening to her room, she exchanged her elaborate visiting costume for a simple black cashmere, tore a bright feather from a black hat, drew on a pair of black gloves, and thirty minutes later was in the street again.

She hailed the first car that came in sight, and, even though she was obliged to take a second car, she reached Hughes street about twenty minutes of two.

As she entered the home of the Richardsons she was met by a weeping, heartbroken young lad, whom she had seen once or twice during her illness, and with a quivering lip she begged that he would let her see the face, by heart, and take a look at her friend before the people began to gather.

Permission was readily given to her, the woman herself leading the way and considerately shutting the door so that she might be by herself, as she took her last look of the dear friend who had been so kind to her.

Mrs. Richardson must have died suddenly, she thought; for she was not changed in the least, and lay as if calmly asleep. There was nothing ghastly or unpleasant about her. A look of peace and rest was on the sweet face. Her hair had been dressed just as she was in the habit of wearing it, and a mass of soft lace had been filled into the front of her dress, while some one had placed a few sprays of mignonette and lilies of the valley in her still hands.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Richardson, you cannot be dead!" Violet breathed, as she bent over her, with streaming eyes. "It is too, too sad; you were so kind, and I had learned to love you so dearly. What will Wallace do? How can he bear it?"

She smoothed her soft hair with her trembling fingers, never thinking of shrinking from the still, cold form, for it was so life-like. She drew the lace a little closer about the neck, and arranged the flowers less stiffly in her hands, murmuring fond words and tender regrets while thus engaged.

But, after a few moments, overcome with her grief, she seated herself upon a low ottoman behind the casket, and leaned her head against it, weeping silently.

She was so absorbed by her sorrow that she did not hear the door as it was softly opened and closed again, and was not conscious that any one else was in the room, until she heard a deep, heart-broken sob, and a familiar voice break forth in the agonized cry:

"Mother! oh, mother!"

Then she realized that Wallace was there, and her heart went forth to him in loving sympathy, for she knew that he had lost the only near friend that he had in the world.

She did not move for a few moments, however, for she felt that his grief was too deep and sacred to be disturbed; but after a little he grew more calm, and then she said, in a low, tremulous tone:

"Wallace, I am so grieved."

He started, and turned his pale face toward her.

"Violet!" he exclaimed, astonished.

"Yes," she said. "I only came home yesterday, and by the merest chance read the account of this to-day. Oh, Wallace, she was a dear, dear woman."

"She was, indeed," he replied, clasping the hand she extended to him, and feeling inexpressibly comforted by this fair girl's tribute to his loved one.

He noticed, and was touched also by the fact, that Violet was all in black, and he knew that she had robed herself thus out of grief for his dead.

"I loved her," the young girl said, with touching simplicity. Then she added, "I know I cannot say anything to comfort you, but, believe me, my heart is full of sorrow for her loss, and of sympathy for you."

How lovely she was, standing there beside him, her fair face and sunny hair in such striking contrast with her black dress, and with her azure eyes raised in such heartfelt sympathy to his.

Her hand still lay in his, for both had unconsciously retained their clasp after their first greeting, and he knew by her clinging fingers how sincere her sorrow and sympathy were.

"My darling, I know it; and your presence is inexpressibly comforting to me."

"My darling!" he had said it without thinking.

During all the long weeks that they had been separated he had called her thus to himself, and now the words had slipped from him unaware, and he would have given worlds to have been able to recall them.

Violet's white lids fluttered and then drooped consciously, while a flush mantled her brow.

This brought Wallace to his senses. He also colored hotly, and a feeling of dismay took possession of him. He was dead silence for a moment; then he added, humbly:

"Forgive me; I did not know what I was saying."

He would have released her hand, but her small fingers closed more firmly over his; she shot one dazzling gleam of light up at him from her lovely eyes, and whispered, shyly:

"I am glad!"

And he knew that she was all his own—that she loved him even as he loved her.

A great wave of thankfulness, of sacred joy, swept over his soul, only to be followed by a feeling of despair, far more deeper than any he had yet experienced, for he knew that he should not, must not accept the priceless boon of her love which she had so freely and so artlessly yielded to him.

But there was no time for explanations, for at that moment the door was opened again, and the woman, Mrs. Keen, who Violet had met when she first came, entered, to make some inquiry of Wallace, and to tell him that the clergyman had arrived.

Presently others, neighbors and acquaintances, began to gather, and then it was time for the service.

Violet never forgot that simple ceremony, for the clergyman, who knew Mrs. Richardson intimately, seemed to glorify the death of the beautiful woman. "She had simply fallen," he said, "from darkness into light—from toil and care into rest and peace. The vail betwixt her and the Master, which she had long, long lifted; her hitherto fettered soul was free, and in the light of an eternal day no earthly sorrow, doubt, or trial could reach her."

Death, after that, never seemed the cruel enemy that it had previously seemed to Violet.

After it was all over, and Wallace had passed out to his carriage, Mrs. Keen came to the young girl and asked her if she would like to follow her friend to the cemetery.

"If I may," Violet replied. She was not a relative, but I loved her much."

"Then come with me," the woman said, and, as she led the way out, she explained that there were no relatives save Mr. Richardson, and it seemed too bad that there should be no one to follow his mother to the grave and that was why she had asked Violet to go with her.

The next moment Violet found herself in the carriage with, and seated opposite to, Wallace.

A feeling of dismay took possession of her, for she knew that the world would criticise her severely for taking such a step.

She had not dreamed that she would have to ride in the same carriage with Wallace, and she wondered if he would understand how it had happened.

The matter could not be helped now, however, and for herself she did not care; her motives were good and pure, why then need she care for the criticisms of people?

The ride to Spring Grove Cemetery was a long and lonely one; scarcely a word was spoken either going or returning. Wallace seemed absorbed in his own sorrowful reflections, Mrs. Keen preserved a prim and stately silence, and Violet was thus left to her own thoughts.

She could not keep from thinking of those few sad yet sweet moments when she had stood alone with Wallace by the casket of his mother and heard him speak those words which had changed, in one instant, her whole life.

"My darling, your presence is inexpressibly comforting to me!"

She knew that he had not meant to speak thus, that only a sense of his own desolation and her unexpected sympathy, had made him forget himself, break down all barriers and betray the secret of his love.

It had been an unexpected revelation to her, however; she had not suspected the nature of his feelings toward her, or of her own, until then; but now she knew that she loved him—that all the world, with every other blessing and luxury at her command, would be worthless to her without him to share it.

When they reached Hughes street again Violet held out her hand to Wallace, saying it was so late she must go directly home.

Then he suddenly came to himself and realized how very tedious the long silent ride must have been for her.

"Let me send you home in the carriage," he said, eagerly.

"Thank you, no; I will take a car," Violet replied, so decidedly that he did not press the matter further.

It was very late when she reached home, and she found her sister quite anxious over her prolonged absence.

"Where have you been, Violet?" she demanded, somewhat impatiently. "It is not the proper thing at all for you to be out so late alone. Mercy! and you are all in black too; should think you had been at a funeral."

"I have; I have been to Mrs. Richardson's funeral," Violet replied, hot tears rushing to her eyes.

Mrs. Mencke looked startled.

"Mrs. Richardson!" she repeated. "When did she die?"

"Day before yesterday; and it was all by chance that I saw the notice of her death in a paper. She died very suddenly of heart disease."

"I wish I had known it, I would have gone with you," said Mrs. Mencke, looking disturbed.

"Would you?" Violet exclaimed, surprised.

"Yes; it was not proper for you to go alone."

The young girl's face fell; she had hoped her sister wanted to show this tribute of respect to one who had been so kind her.

"Where was she buried?" Mrs. Mencke inquired.

"At Spring Grove Cemetery."

"Did you go out there?"

"Yes," and Violet flushed slightly.

"With whom did you ride?" demanded her sister, suspiciously.

"With—Mr. Richardson and a Mrs. Keen."

"Violet Draper Richardson!" ejaculated Mrs. Mencke, with indignant astonishment, "you did not do such an unheard of thing?"

Violet bridled at this. She was naturally sweet and gentle, but could show spirit enough if occasion required.

"Yes, I did," she returned, flushing, but tossing her small head defiantly. "There were no friends excepting Mr. Richardson. Mrs. Keen invited me to go with her, and, as I wanted to show the dear woman this mark of respect, I went."

"Don't you know that it was a very questionable act to follow Mrs. Richardson to her grave in company of the man of the lower classes?" Mrs. Mencke, sternly. "What do you suppose the people of our set would say to such a proceeding?"

"I presume the people of 'our set' might consider it a questionable act," Violet returned, with sarcastic emphasis. "Polite society is too supposed to have much heart, anyway. But, to tell the truth, I thought I was to ride in a separate carriage with Mrs. Keen, until I found out and found Mr. Richardson in it. I was not going to wound him then by refusing to go; and 'our set,' if it finds it out, can say what it pleases."

"I must earnestly hope that none of our acquaintances will learn of your escapade; they would be sure to couple your name very unpleasantly with that of that low-born carpenter, especially if they should find out that you put on mourning," returned Mrs. Mencke, with an expression of intense disgust.

"'Low-born carpenter, indeed!" retorted Violet, indignantly, and flushing hotly. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Belle Mencke, after what he has done for me? Wallace Richardson is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and I am proud to call him my friend."

"Perhaps you would be proud to accord him a more familiar title, even. Our friends would be likely to suspect that you thus favored if they should discover what you have done today," sneered the haughty woman.

Violet blushed so vividly at this thrust, and for a moment looked so conscious, that her sister became suspicious and secretly alarmed

"I don't care, Belle," Violet said, hotly, after a moment of silence; "I don't know how I would have been very ungrateful in me to stay away, and I would do the same thing over again to show my regard for Mrs. Richardson. Now, if you please, you may let me alone upon the subject."

"Look here, Miss Violet, you are trying me beyond all bounds," Mrs. Mencke returned, losing control of her temper; "and now there is just one thing that I want to say to you, and that is that you must give up this fellow at once and for all time. I won't have any nonsense or sentiment just because he happened to do what any other man, with a germ of humanity, would have done to save you from a violent death. It is all very well to feel properly grateful to him, and I intend to pay him handsomely for it; but I don't want to hear anything more about him from you."

Violet had grown very pale during the latter portion of this speech, and her sister, who was observing her closely, could see that she was trembling with suppressed emotion.

"Belle Mencke, I tell you, with husky tone, "do you mean to say that you intend to offer Mr. Richardson money in return for my life?"

"Of course. What else can I do? We must make him some acknowledgment, and pension his station think more of money than of anything else," was the coarse response.

"That is false," cried Violet, with blazing eyes. "Reverse your statement, and say that people in your position think more of money than of anything else, and you will come nearer the truth. Don't you dare to insult that noble fellow by offering him money; if you do I will never forgive you while I live. Make him all the acknowledgment you please, and be just and right, but don't forget that he is a gentleman."

Mrs. Mencke saw that she had gone too far, and made an effort to control herself. She knew, from experience, that when Violet was once thoroughly aroused it was not an easy matter to tame her.

"There, Violet, you have said enough," she remarked, with forced calmness. "You are only making yourself ridiculous, and I think we had best drop the subject; only one thing I must insist upon, that you will cut this young man's acquaintance at once."

She arose as she spoke to meet her husband, who entered at that moment, and Violet fled to her own room to remove her black attire and to ease her aching heart by shedding a few scalding tears, which would not be kept back.

It was very hard to hear Wallace spoken of so contemptuously when she had learned to love him with all the strength of her soul, and knew him to be, by nature and in character, far superior to the man whom her sister called husband.

She did not regret what she had done that day, and she had no idea of dropping Wallace Richardson's acquaintance, indeed! Life would be worth but very little to her now if he were taken out of it; and, though she knew she would have a very vigorous battle to fight with her proud sister if she defied her authority, she had no thought of yielding one inch of ground, and was prepared to acknowledge Wallace as her betrothed lover when the proper time to do so should come.

(To be Continued.)

What He Did.

One would say that Shakespeare, at least, must be the one exceptional prophet to be honored in his own country, but widely spread as we know his fame to be, at least one Englishman had no very clear idea of its extent. Some years ago, while passing through Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Toole, the English comedian, saw a rustic sitting on the fence.

"That is Shakespeare's house, isn't it?" he inquired, pointing to the building.

"Yes."

"Ever been there?"

"No."

"Brought up here!"

"Yes."

"Did he write anything?"

"Oh, yes, he writ."

"What was it?"

"Well," answered the rustic, "I think he writ for the Bible."

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A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XLIV.

Miss Vane's welcome of her niece was dashed by amazement.

"Why, good gracious, child," she said, "what have you come at this hour of the day for? I'm delighted to see you; but I never heard of such a thing! Arriving at nine o'clock in the morning from Beechfield, especially after all the accounts I have heard of your health! You look fit to faint as it is!"

"I am tired," said Enid, with a little smile.

She sat down in Miss Vane's pretty dining-room, where her aunt was seated at breakfast, and began to take off her gloves. Parker had retired into the lower regions of the house, and the two ladies were alone.

"I won't hear anything until you have had some coffee," said Miss Vane, in her quick decisive way. "Get a little color into those pale cheeks, my dear, before you begin to talk! There—drink your coffee! Not a bad plan, after all, to start before the heat of the day comes on, only it is a wonderfully energetic proceeding! Have you come to shop, or are you anxious about Hubert? I went to his rooms the other day and saw him. He is weak; but he is quite sensible now, you know."

"Who was there?" said Enid, setting down her cup with a new color in her cheeks.

Miss Vane looked at her sharply.

"Oh, the nurse of course—a Beechfield woman, I believe, recommended by Florence! I saw no one else, not even the Jenkinses, who, I hear, have been most devoted to him in his illness."

Enid dropped her eyes. She did not care just then to ask any questions about Cynthia West. If Miss Vane knew the story, she evidently considered it unfit for Enid's ears.

"And now, my dear, what brings you to town," said Aunt Leo briskly, when the meal was ended, and Enid had been installed on a comfortable sofa, where she was ordered to "lie still and rest;" "and how did you induce Richard and Flossy to let you come?"

"I ought perhaps to have told you as soon as I came in, Aunt Leo," said Enid, sitting up, "that nobody knew—that, in fact, I have run away from Beechfield, and that I never, never can go back!"

"Oh," said Miss Vane, "that's rather sudden, is it not? But I suppose you have a reason!"

"Yes, aunt Leo, but one which—at present—I cannot tell."

"Cannot tell, Enid, my dear?"

"Not just yet—not until I have consulted some one else."

"Oh, Hubert, I suppose?"

"No," said Enid, blushing and holding down her head—"not Hubert."

Miss Vane put up her gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and inspected her for a minute or two.

"You look as if you had been worried out of your life!" she said. "You are as thin as a thread-paper! Well, you will not be worried here, my child. You can stay as long as you like, and tell me everything or nothing, as you please. One thing I will say—I suppose that Flossy is at the bottom of it all!"

"Yes, Aunt Leo."

"That accounts for everything. Flossy never could be trusted. Did she want you to be engaged to Hubert?"

"I think so—at first. Now I do not know."

"I suppose they badgered you into it?" said Miss Vane thoughtfully. "Jane was going on with it!" in her usual abrupt tone.

"With the engagement, Aunt Leo! Oh no!"

"Come—that's a good thing!" said Aunt Leo briskly. "For I don't think Hubert is quite worthy of you, my dear. He has disappointed me rather. Well, I won't bother you with any more questions, especially as I have a visitor coming at ten o'clock—a young parson from the country, who has written to request an interview. There's the bell—I suppose he has arrived. Begging, I expect! I wish he may! Why, he's showing the man in here. Hodges—"

But it was too late. Hodges always obeyed his mistress to the letter; and his mistress, thinking that she would be alone, had ordered "the parson" to be shown into the dining-room. The presence of a visitor made no difference in Hodges' opinion. Accordingly, in spite of Miss Vane's signs and protests, he flung the door wide open, and announced, in a stentorian voice, the parson's name:

"Mr. Evandale."

Then Miss Vane—and Hodges too, before he closed the door—beheld a curious sight; for, instead of looking at his hostess, the parson, who was a singularly handsome man, with a band of crape on his arm, made two strides to the sofa, from which Enid, with a low cry of joy, arose and flung herself into his arms.

"My own darling!" exclaimed the man.

"Maurice—dearest Maurice!" the girl rejoined; and then she burst out crying upon his shoulder; and he kissed her and called her fond names in entire oblivion of Miss Vane's stately presence.

The old lady was both scandalized and offended by these proceedings. Her sharp eyes looked brighter and her rather prominent nose more hawk-like than ever as she made her voice heard at last.

"I should like some explanation of this extraordinary behavior!" she said, with asperity. "Sir, I have not the honor of knowing you! Enid, what does this mean?"

"I am the rector of Beechfield," said Mr. Evandale. "I most heartily beg your pardon, Miss Vane, for the way in which I have let introduced myself to you! I wrote to ask if I might see you, because I know what a friend you have always been to Enid, and I wanted to see you myself and tell you how Enid and I had come to understand each other; but, when I saw my darling here—safe with you—I was so much taken by surprise—"

"I am taken by surprise too," said Miss Vane grimly. "Pray, sir, does the general know of your mutual understanding?"

"No, Aunt Leo; and that is one reason why I came to you," said Enid, abandoning Maurice Evandale and bestowing an embrace upon her aunt. "You know, I had just told you that I was not engaged to Hubert."

"You gave up Hubert for this gentleman, did you?"

"I think, Aunt Leo, that Hubert gave me up first;" and Enid raised her head and looked saucily into her aunt's eyes, which fell before that serious candid gaze.

"Well, my dear, well—and was it for this that you came to me?"

Miss Vane's voice was gentler now; and Mr. Evandale took advantage of the opportunity afforded him to pour out the story of his love for Enid—of his certainty that she was not happy, and his endeavor to win her confidence. He went on to say that he had been in Yorkshire attending his father's funeral, and settling his affairs for the last few days, and that it had occurred to him to call on Miss Vane—of whom he had so often heard—on his way through London to Beechfield. He had meant to tell her of Enid's unhappiness and of his attachment to her, and to ask Miss Vane's interest and help; and it was the greatest possible surprise to him to find Enid in the room when he entered it.

"What did you mean by saying that she was safe here?" said Miss Vane at this point. "Safe with me, you said."

Maurice looked at the girl.

"I have told Aunt Leo nothing yet," she said. "And, oh, dear Aunt Leo, you won't be vexed, will you, if I may speak to Maurice just for five minutes first? Because indeed I am so puzzled that I do not know what to do."

Miss Vane subdued a rising inclination to anger, and did her best to smile.

"Ah, well, I know what you young people are!" she said, good-humoredly. "I suppose I shall be taken into your secrets by-and-bye."

Enid kissed her cheek.

"If they were our secrets, you should know all about them this very minute," she said; "but they are not ours, dear auntie."

"Flossy's, I suppose!" said Miss Vane rather shortly, as she disengaged herself from Enid's embrace and went out of the room. But she was not ill-pleased, although she pretended to feel piqued by the request for a private interview. "He looks like a man to be trusted," she said. "Enid will be happier with him than with Hubert—poor Hubert, poor miserable deluded boy! As for Flossy, I cannot think of her without a shudder. Heaven knows what she has done, but she has most certainly driven Enid out of the house by her conduct! I hope it is nothing very seriously wrong."

At that moment a telegram was put into Miss Vane's hands. It was from the general.

"Is Enid with you? If not, telegraph at once. I am coming up to town by next train."

It seemed long to Miss Vane before she was summoned to the promised conference with Enid and Mr. Evandale. Here a great shock awaited her. Enid had told her whole story to Maurice, and he had said that, while the midnight interview between Enid and Mrs. Vane might be kept secret—as nothing could absolutely be proved respecting Flossy's sinister designs on Enid's life or health—the confession that Mrs. Meldreth had made to Enid in her last moments should be made known. Enid was however still reluctant; and Miss Vane was brought in chiefly to give her advice, and thus to settle the question.

"Well," she said, looking keenly from one to the other as she seated Enid's side and Mr. Evandale stood before her, "I think I may safely say that it's not the money that either of you cares about."

"No, indeed!" The voices were unanimous.

"Neither money nor lands matter very much to you. But you"—to Evandale—"hate the deceit; and you, on the other hand"—turning to Enid—"are fond of the poor child, who, I must say, has been treated about as badly as any of you. Isn't that the case?"

"Yes, aunt Leo."

"And what's to done with him when the truth is made known? Is he to be made over to his rightful owner—Sabina Meldreth?"

Enid and Mr. Evandale looked at each other.

"No," said the rector, at length—"certainly not! We would bring him up ourselves, if need be; and Enid would be to him all that his own mother and Mrs. Vane have failed to be."

"And he should never suffer," said Enid, with tears in her eyes. "I love him as if he were my own little brother, Aunt Leo. He should have all the property as far as I am concerned—if Maurice thought it right."

"Yes, certainly, if the general chose to leave it to him; but the general ought to know," said Mr. Evandale decisively. "I do not see how we can be parties to a deception any longer."

"It is a very hard position for all of us," said Miss Vane. "As for me, I am most seriously concerned for my brother. Have you thought what a terrible shock you are preparing for him?"

Evandale looked grave and did not answer.

"He is devotedly fond of his wife and of the child. To tell him that Florence is liar and a cheat—that she has practised a deception upon him for many years in order to gain position and a good income for herself—that the mother of his son—above all, to tell him that the boy is not his son at all—do you think that he will survive it? Dare you take upon yourselves the responsibility of inflicting this on him that way? I must confess that in your places I should hold my tongue; because it does not seem to have occurred to you that, after all, old Mrs. Meldreth may not have been speaking the truth."

"I never thought of that," said Enid.

"If you had seen the woman herself, Miss Vane, you would have been convinced of her sincerity," said the rector.

"Possibly. But only you two were there. The general will probably refuse to listen to Enid's testimony, and will fume himself into an apoplectic fit when he hears that she has spoken to you. You, Mr. Evandale, did not hear the woman's communication at all. Suppose you kill the general by the news—do you want to take the matter into court? Is Enid to stand up and tell her experiences to a pack of lawyers, and hear the world say that she has done it to get the estate for herself? You could not bear it, Enid, my child! You would lose your head and contradict yourself; and Flossy would brazen it out and be the heroine of the day; and Mr. Evandale would be ruined in costs."

"I don't mind that, so long as the truth prevails," said Mr. Evandale. "I do not want the money—neither does Enid; we would sooner endow an hospital with it or give it to little Dick than keep it if gained under such auspices. But it is hard to see Mrs. Vane—whom I firmly believe to be guilty of fraud as well as of an attempt upon my darling's life—triumphant in wrong-doing."

"Well, nobody ought to know better than you, Mr. Evandale, that the wicked flourish like the green bay-tree," said Miss Vane drily; "and I don't see that it is our part to destroy them."

"Aunt Leo, you are making us feel ourselves horrid!" said Enid from the cushions amongst which her aunt had installed her. "We do not want to punish her, or to make dear Uncle Richard ill, or to turn poor little Dick out of Beechfield."

"Yet it is just those things which you propose doing."

There was a moment's silence. Then the rector looked at Enid.

"I think we shall have to give it up, Enid, unless we get other evidence."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Enid, with tears in her eyes. "It was when I felt that it was perhaps my duty to speak that I was so miserable! But, if it would simply make mischief and be of no use, I am only too glad to feel that I may keep silence."

"I am glad you see it in that light," said Miss Vane, briefly. "I want as little as you do, Mr. Evandale, to see Enid kept out of her rightful inheritance; but I am convinced that, if Enid told my brother what she had heard, he would never believe her, that the excitement would make him ill; there would be a family quarrel, and the whole nine days' wonder would be of no good result at all. If we get more evidence, or if one of the guilty parties would confess, why, then it would be another matter."

"I'm glad you see it in that light," said Miss Vane, briefly. "I want as little as you do, Mr. Evandale, to see Enid kept out of her rightful inheritance; but I am convinced that, if Enid told my brother what she had heard, he would never believe her, that the excitement would make him ill; there would be a family quarrel, and the whole nine days' wonder would be of no good result at all. If we get more evidence, or if one of the guilty parties would confess, why, then it would be another matter."

"Shall I not mind seeing uncle Richard now," said Enid, softly.

"But you will not go back to Beechfield?" said Mr. Evandale.

"No, indeed; she'll stay here," Miss Vane replied for her. "She'll stay here until she is married; and I hope that the day may not be far off."

"I hope not," said Maurice fervently. "Do you think that I may speak to the general today?"

"I should think so. But what about Hubert Lepel, Enid?"

Enid flushed crimson.

"If there is one thing more than another about which the general is particularly in the keeping of a promise, it concerns of Miss Vane. "He may say that he will hold you to your word."

"He cannot," Enid answered, with lowered eyelids. "For, if what I have been told is true, Hubert has broken his word to me—and so I am free."

"She must be free; she did not love him," said Maurice Evandale conclusively, as if that settled the question.

"Ah, well, if love were all," Miss Vane began, but the opening of the door interrupted her. "What is it, Hodges?" Another telegram! Is it the general again, I wonder?"

She tore open the brown envelope with more anxiety than she liked to show; her eyebrows went up, and her mouth compressed it as she read the words—first to herself, and then to Enid and the rector. The message was again from the general, and ran as follows—

"Hope Enid is safe. Cannot come myself because of carriage accident. Dick seriously injured; but doctor gives hope."

"Oh, poor little Dick!" said Enid. "And I away from him!"

Miss Vane glanced at the rector, and read in his eyes what was in her own mind—"If Dick should die, there would be no further perplexity. Then both dropped their eyes guilty, and hoped that Enid—dear, innocent, loving Enid!—had not guessed what they were thinking.

"At any rate," said Miss Vane, after a little pause, "you can do nothing now; and it is just as well that we have all resolved to hold our tongues."

And then she went away to write some letters; and Enid was left alone with Maurice Evandale.

"My darling," said her lover, "are you sure that you are content and happy now?"

"Quite sure, Maurice—except that I think—I half think—that I ought not to be married; I shall make such a bad wife to you if I am always ailing and weak."

"But you are not going to be ailing and weak, dearest—you are going to be a strong woman yet. Did you not tell me how you conquered that nervous inclination to give way last night, after your interview with Mrs. Vane? And did you not walk to the station and travel up town in the early morning without doing yourself a particle of harm? Believe me, darling, your ill-health was in great part a figment got up by Mrs. Vane for her own ends. You are perfectly well; and, when we are married, you will be strong too. Do you believe me, Enid?"

"Perfectly."

"And are you sure yet whether you love me or not?"

She smiled, and the color flooded her sweet face. And he, although he knew well enough what she would say, pressed for an answer, and would not be satisfied until it had been put into words.

"Do you love me, Enid? Tell me, darling—'Yes' or 'No'?"

And at last she answered very softly:

"I love you, Maurice, with all my heart and soul!"

(To be Continued.)

Had a Good Time.

It was bedtime, and Willie was leaving the nursery.

"Come and kiss me good night."

"Yes, dearest."

"Have you all the beautiful story books you want?"

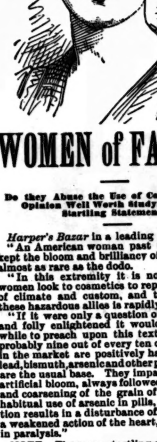
"Yes, dearest."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, dearest.

"And what makes Willie happy?"

"Well, you see, I've torn the coat out of my red velvet trousers, and the goat has eaten my sash, and Jakey Oglehelmer has thrown mud all over my fancy waist, and, altogether, dearest, I've had a pretty doggoned good right to feel comfortable."—*New York Press.*



WOMEN of FASHION

Do they Abuse the Use of Cosmetics? An Opinion Well Worth Studying. Some Startling Statements.

Harper's Bazar in a leading editorial, says: "An American woman past thirty who has kept the bloom and brilliancy of her girlhood is almost as rare as the dodo.

"In this extremity it is not strange that women look to cosmetics to repair the ravages of climate and custom, and that the use of these hazardous allies is rapidly increasing.

"If it were only a question of money wasted and folly enlightened it would not be worth while to preach upon this text, perhaps. But probably nine out of every ten of the cosmetics in the market are positively harmful. White lead, bismuth, arsenic and other powerful poisons are the usual base. They impart for a time an artificial bloom, always followed by a darkening and coarsening of the grain of the skin. The habitual use of arsenic in pills, wafers, or solution results in a disturbance of the circulation, a weakened action of the heart, and not seldom to paralysis."

NOTE.—These are startling statements, and should cause every woman to ponder well before she uses any preparation on her face, where the chances are so great of serious injury following such use. There seems to be but one woman in America who has thoroughly tested cosmetics, and succeeded during her researches in finding an emollient which is absolutely beneficial. Of course our readers will imagine at once that we refer to the Recamier preparations, which were first used by the famous beauty Julie Recamier, the secret of which is now owned by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and which are manufactured for sale by her.

We admit that the Recamier preparations are all the vogue; that Adelina Patti, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. James Brown-Potter, Mme. Modjeska, Sara Bernhardt, Clara Louise Kellogg, and many other such experienced ladies have abandoned all other preparations and only use the Recamiers, because we have seen letters from them to Mrs. Ayer, declaring such to be the fact. But it must be borne in mind that they are not strictly cosmetics, such as are referred to above, because Mrs. Ayer has published a certificate from Prof. Stillman of Stevens Institute, that they contain nothing but that which is allowed by the French Pharmacopœa. There can be no doubt that a woman whose face is tanned, sunburnt, full of pimples, those disgusting blackheads, or other imperfections which are caused by our mode of life and the exposures to which we are subjected, must certainly be more or less repulsive if not absolutely disgusting.

A woman who permits her complexion—her most important feature—to indicate uncleanliness must expect such results. The most ignorant and even deformed woman in the world is entitled to respect when she has a beautiful complexion and looks tidy, and the only articles so far discovered, and which are used by every woman of fashion, are the Recamier preparations.

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Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

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Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

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"No!"

"Yes, I did, though. It was carved on ever so many, 'Peace to his ashes.' Now, there ain't any ashes 'cept where it's very hot, is there, ma!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

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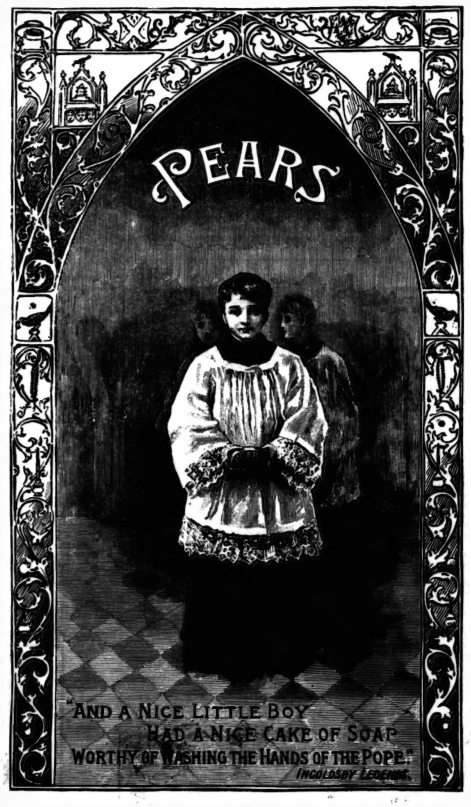

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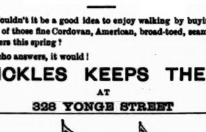

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Toronto College of Music.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of the Faculty, lectured on the evening of May 3 in the College Hall on Harmony, its Invention and Development. Mr. Forsyth lucidly explained the fundamental principles of the science, which becomes more and more complex as the intelligence of the student becomes trained to comprehend it. He spoke of the chords, how formed, their names, proper and improper progressions, the use and need of the discord, the chords of the diminished seventh so necessary in modulation, and the many abuses to which it is subjected. In referring to the disputed chords of the ninth, eleventh and thirteenth he claimed that they could not be treated as separate chords, the two latter particularly and the chord of the ninth in the majority of instances where it is used. In conclusion, he said: "It is indispensable for a musician to have a thorough knowledge of harmony, counterpoint and fugue. Every piano and organ student should study it in conjunction with his playing. . . . Harmony is the grammar of music, and if our country is to be developed musically the mind must be cultivated in the art as well as the fingers, and only then shall we reach the highest results and attain the same artistic level as the greatest musical countries in the old world."

A New Method.

Champfleury, the French author lately deceased, married a god-daughter of Eugene Delacroix, the great historical painter. Below is given the letter which he wrote to the young lady after his first interview:

"Mademoiselle—If you believe the saying that an unmarried being resembles half a pair of scissors, which can accomplish nothing without the other half, I offer you my sympathies, my friendship, and my efforts to cut out together the material of life."

His fair correspondent sent him a pair of scissors by way of reply. The wedding took place three weeks afterwards.—*Le Temps.*

A Long Time Coming.

A letter posted in England in 1856 has just been received by the person to whom it was addressed, in Ontario. The mail-bag in which it was contained went down when the Cunarder Oregon was sunk in collision off Long Island, drifted 400 miles, and was found half buried in the sand near Cape Hatteras.

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Mrs F. C Schultz, Soprano; Miss Clara Barnes, Contralto; Miss Lena Hayes, Violinist; Mrs H. M. Blight, Pianist; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, Tenor; Mr. H. M. Blight, Baritone; Mr. Tom Hurst, Comic; Mr. Harry W. Rich, Comedian.

All seats reserved. Tickets 50c. each.
Plan opens at Nordheimer's on the 19th inst.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Quartette.. "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" ....Caldecott
Mrs. Schultz, Miss Barnes, Mr. Mockridge and Mr Blight.
2. Humorous Song.... "John Bull"..... H. W. Hunt
Mr. Tom Hurst.
3. Violin Solo..... "Fantasie de Concert"..... D. Alard
Miss Lena Hayes
4. Solo..... "The Death of Nelson"..... Braham
Mr. Whitney Mockridge
5. Solo..... "Gift from Heaven"..... Von Weber
Miss Clara Barnes.
6. Duet..... "Love and War"..... Cook
Mr. Mockridge and Mr. Blight.
7. Solo..... "For You"..... Sydney Smith
Mrs. F. C. Schultz.
8. Comic Song and Dialogue.. "Don't Let it Happen Again" ....H. Rich
Mr. Harry W. Rich.

PART II.

1. Trio..... "Break, Break, Break"..... Anderton
Mrs. Schultz, Miss Barnes and Mr. Mockridge
2. Humorous Song.. "I Dreamt That I was Dreaming" ....Dacre
Mr. Tom Hurst.
3. Solo ..... "Heart and Hand"..... Watson
Mr. H. M. Blight.
4. Solo ... { a. "I'll Sing the Songs I Array"..... Clay
b. "Marguerite so Fair"..... Macfarlane
Mrs. F C Schultz.
5. Quartette. "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved"..Pinsuti
Mrs. Schultz, Miss Barnes, Mr. Mockridge and Mr. Blight.
6. Solo ..... "Come Into the Garden, Maud"..... Balfe
Mr. Whitney Mockridge
7. Solo ..... "The Lost Chord"..... Sullivan
Miss Clara Barnes.
8. Comic Song in Character.. "When I Come to Think of It" Mr. Harry Rich.

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*Le Bronco. Only one published. By Prof. Davis	.35
*Jersey. The Favorite. By Prof. Davis	.35
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*La Frolique, in 5-4 time. Good practice piece. By Prof. Davis	.35
Cymbeline Waltzes. Extra fine. By Prof Davis	.40
Bugle Call Polka. (Call to arms) By Prof. Davis	.50
Great Pacific Lancers, Saratoga or Bombay. By Prof. Davis	.50
*Eureka. Original. By Prof. Davis	.50

*Pieces marked thus (*) are our own dances. Fully explained. Sent by mail on receipt of price. FOUR PIECES FOR ONE DOLLAR. Address PROF. J. F. DAVIS, 91 Wilton Av., Toronto, Teacher of Dancing. Thirty-one years in Toronto.

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EVERY MINUTIÆ

86-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

JACOBS & SPARROWS' OPERA HOUSE

MATINEES TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY

WEEK OF MAY 19

KATE PURSSELL

The Handsome Equestrienne Artist, in the Beautiful and Picturesque Western Drama

QUEEN OF THE PLAINS

Supported by her own carefully selected and excellent company of Dramatic and Specialty Stars, introducing her superbly trained and beautiful thoroughbred horse FIRE-FLY and her imported thoroughbred Irish greyhound PRINCE BILL, valued at $1,000, and winner of six (6) prize kennel medals. Week of May 26, ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Spend your money wisely, no matter what you are buying.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — See that you are getting the full value of your money.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Purchase your Furniture at Adams' and be well pleased.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Drop in and see their new goods as often as you can.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Keep an eye on Adams' Artistic Window Displays.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Tell your friends that Adams' is the best place to buy.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Recollect that they make a large share of their finest goods at their own factory.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Keep posted on Adams' newest bargains of all kinds.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Read the constantly changing advertisements of The C. F. Adams Home Furnishing House.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Remember that Adams is the largest furniture dealer in the Dominion.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Keep in mind the number, 177 Yonge Street, 4 doors north of Queen.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Read the prices, marked in plain figures for all.

ALWAYS ALWAYS — Remember that Adams will give you credit without interest or extra charge.

Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

WELLINGTON STOTT

170 King Street West - - Toronto

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Lugsdin & Barnett

SADDLERS

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Trunks, Valises, Bags, Riding Saddles

ALSO COMPLETE LINES IN

Riding Whips and Crops, Horse Boots
Horse Sheets, Coolers, Waterproof Goods

And Every Description of Horse Gear.

Specialties in Sole Leather and Military Work

Lugsdin & Barnett

115 YONGE STREET

CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Street

DRESSMAKERS'

Magic Scale

The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified

COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE

MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.

Waist Linings and Dresses Cut. CORSETS MADE TO ORDER. Satisfaction guaranteed.

426 1-2 Yonge St.

(Just south of College)

THE "PRIZE GOOSE" POEM CONTEST

Has been decided and we have awarded

"TONY" the "PANTS"

for the following:

A "GOOSE" POEM.

I'm "coat"-ed round with iron, but with charcoal at my heart,
No matter how in-"vest"-ed I'm bound to feel a smart,
Though nearly stiffed by the heat, my "pants" I oft repress."

(Re-pressing "seems" to "suit" me, I candidly confess),
But I will never grumble, though handled fast and loose,
If it is by an "Art Tailor," for I'm a "Tailor's Goose."

TONY.

TAYLOR & CO.

Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

LORNE PARK HOTEL

SEASON 1890 OPEN SATURDAY, JUNE 14

The services of Mr. Wm. Hawthorn (formerly of London, Ont.) have been secured as manager. For twenty years Mr. "H." has had the reputation of being one of the best "hotel" men in the West. A more gentlemanly and courteous "hotel" man would be hard to find. The hotel and management will be under the special supervision of a committee of the Board, and nothing will be left undone that will minister to the wants and comfort of guests. Table and appointments will be first-class. The swift and elegant steamer Greyhound has been chartered for the season. She will make the trip in one hour. Excellent train service. For terms, etc., apply by letter to

LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto

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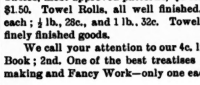
334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033

Have received this week the following, and we attach herewith prices as we sell them: Invalid's Tables, price $2.48—finely finished black walnut, beautiful piece of furniture; one obliged to eat in bed ought to get well in half the time with this very useful thing. Ironing Tables, most approved patterns, $1 85. A model Pastry Board 42c. Towel Rackes 84c., worth $1.50. Towel Rolls, all well finished, hardwood, 10c. each. Butter Moulds, individual, 9c. each; ½ lb., 28c., and 1 lb., 32c. Towel Arm Racks, 14c. each. These are all best quality and finely finished goods.

We call your attention to our 4c. line of Books on Bargain Tables—1st. An excellent Cook Book; 2nd. One of the best treatises on the Horse and His Diseases; 3rd. The Art of Dress making and Fancy Work—only one each of these books to a customer.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.



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Sewing Machines

RECEIVED THE ONLY

Grand Prize at Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1889

Then why buy a cheaply constructed shuttle machine when you can get the Rotary, Light-Running, High-Arm, Noiseless Wheeler & Wilson for the same price.

See the No. 9 for all grades of family work, it has no equal for simplicity, durability, and its excellence of design.

Examine our No. 12 and other manufacturing machines for all kinds of stitched goods by foot or power. They are the best in the world.

WHEELER & WILSON MAN'F'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO

Telephone 277. 266 YONGE ST., TORONTO

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Enormous Purchase of Fine Dress Goods at 45c. on the Dollar

TO-DAY AND ALL NEXT WEEK

10,000 yards Dress Goods selling at half price; 100 pieces double width French Dress Goods, regular price 75c, selling at 35c.; 90 pieces fine all-wool De Beige, regular value 50c., selling at 25c.; 75 pieces all-wool French Cashmeres, 65c. goods, for 35c.; 5,000 yards Dress Goods, just half price, 10c., 12½c., 15c. and 25c.

Great Bargains in Black Dress Goods. Fine Dressmaking

McKEOWN & COMPANY, 182 Yonge St.

= THE =

30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY

"The Penetanguishene"

WILL OPEN FOR THE

SUMMER SEASON OF 1890

ON JUNE 1

Since last season large improvements and additions have been made to the house, including extra dining-room for nurses and children, new kitchens, cold rooms, &c. Rooms for the house servants outside of hotel. Steam pumps for water supply in lieu of windmills, &c. The grounds have also been greatly improved.

Special Attractions

The Reformatory Park and Gardens adjoining hotel. The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay with the finest Bass Fishing in Canada, Boating, Bathing, Tennis and other amusements. The house grounds, beautifully wooded, have a frontage of half a mile on the water. The harbors of Midland, Wabashene, Muskosh, Victoria Harbor and Port Severn within an hour's run by yacht.

Guests of last year will bear witness that there are no mosquitoes at "The Penetanguishene." June is an especially enjoyable month to visit the house. Accommodation now for 200. For terms address—

FREDERICK CREED, Steward
The Penetanguishene.

Any parties wishing to spend the Queen's Birthday holidays on the Georgian Bay can have arrangements made for their accommodation at The Penetanguishene by sending notice to the Steward not later than the preceding day.

THE ALLIANCE

BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East

TORONTO

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.

Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.

Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.

All investments are guaranteed.

THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.

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First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to

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Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?

Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?

Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?

We make them all.

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IMPORTED PARASOLS

We show to-day 5 cases of the Latest Novelties in Imported Parasols comprising a full range of Shot Silk EN-TOUT-CAS, from $1.25 to $4.50. BLACK WATERED SILK PARASOLS from $2.50 to $5. Elegant FANCY CHECK and STRIPED PARASOLS, from $2.50 to $5 50. The latest thing in En-Tout Cas is the Oxidized Silver Handle, with Satin or Silk Finished Covers.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

The Latest Novelty --- COARSE ESTAMINE SERGES, 46 inch wide, in Black, Navy, Brown, Fawn and Gray, the rage in London. FRENCH DELAINE in all the Newest Designs and Latest Colorings, with plain to match. SURAH CHECK SILKS in all the Latest Combination of Colorings, including Black and White, Navy and White, etc.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King St. East, 18, 20 and 22 Colborne St.

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Having completed extensive alterations to our new premises we take pleasure in inviting the Ladies of Toronto to pay us a visit. We claim to have the largest exclusive Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the city, and will welcome all who call upon us. Our specialties are Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ladies' Underwear, Ready-made Costumes, etc.

This week we offer special bargains in each department. Dressmaking on the premises.

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240 and 242 Yonge Street

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JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence 118 Palmerston Avenue.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

LANGLOIS—At Toronto, on May 7, Mrs. Herbert Langlois—a daughter.

STUPART—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. R. F. Stupart—a son.

ROBINS—At Toronto, on May 10, Mrs. F. B. Robins—a daughter.

WEDD—At Parkdale, on May 1, Mrs. William Wedd, jr., —a son.

FULLER—At Woodstock, on May 11, Mrs. Shelton B. Fuller—a daughter.

SAILSBURY—At Cobourg, on May 11, Mrs. E. J. Sailsbury—a daughter.

OLMSTED—At Toronto, on May 9, Mrs. S. R. Olmsted—a daughter.

BIGGAR—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. Charles R. W. Biggar—a daughter.

BLACKEY—At Toronto, on April 30, Mrs. P. Blackey—a son.

FINLAYSON—At Toronto, on May 12, Mrs. Alexander Finlayson—a daughter.

HOLLAND—At Port Arthur, on May 9, Mrs. R. W. Holland—a son.

HAGARTY—At Toronto, on May 14, Mrs. John H. G. Hagarty—a daughter.

WINCHESTER—At Toronto, on May 14, Mrs. A. B. Winchester—a daughter.

Marriages.

ACHESON—COOCH—At Toronto, on May 7, George Acheson to Agnes Christian Cooch.

BRIGHTON—MALONEY—At Toronto, on May 8, J. Brighton to Margie Maloney.

ROBINSON—COCKRELL—At Rat Portage, on April 22, James Robinson to Alicia Cockrell.

SNOOK—TAYLOR—At Toronto, on May 10, Samuel Snook to Grace Taylor.

KIELY—McILROY—At St. Thomas, on May 10, George J. Kiely to Lillian McIlroy.

Deaths.

RIDDLE—At Toronto, on May 11, William C. Riddle, aged 60 years.

HUDSPETH—At Lindsay, on May 12, Adam Hudspeth, aged 53 years.

SPROWL—At Toronto, on May 12, Eliett B. Sprowl, aged 68 years.

ETHERIDGE—On May 11, Jesse Etheridge, aged 20 years.

McMASTER—Accidentally drowned, George A. McMaster, aged 40 years.

McGINN—At Toronto, on May 12, James McGinn, aged 51 years.

HALL—At Port Hope, on May 6, Joseph G. Hall, aged 46 years.

STEWART—At Toronto, on May 7, John Stewart, aged 73 years.

BEYNON—At Brampton, on May 8, Mrs. John W. Beynon.

McLANDRESS—At Webbwood, Algoma District, on May 4, John McLandress, aged 72 years.

CHAPMAN—At Milliken, Ont., on May 9, Mrs. Nathan Chapman, aged 76 years.

CARPENTER—At Collingwood, on May 10, Paul A. Carpenter, aged 24 years.

LEWIS—At Fort Erie, on May 3, George Lewis, aged 50 years.

LIVINGSTON—At Toronto, Mrs. Daniel Livingston, aged 53 years.

IRONSIDE—At Toronto, on May 9, John Ironside, aged 60 years.

HOWLAND—At Lambton Mills, on May 11, Mrs. Ann Howland, aged 72 years.

SINCLAIR—At Kincardine, on May 9, Mary Sinclair, aged 25 years.

TROYER—At Lansing, Ont., on May 11, Mrs. George Troyer, aged 25 years.

ROBINSON—At Toronto, on May 11, Lena May Robinson aged 5 years.

HAWKE—At Vancouver, B.C., on May 11, William John Hawke.

WHITE—At Toronto, on May 11, William White, aged 36 years.

STUPART—At Toronto, on May 11, the infant son of R. F. Stupart.

OSBORNE—At Toronto, on May 12, Mrs. John Young Osborne, aged 57 years.

ABBOTT—At Toronto, on May 14, Peter Abbott, aged 47 years.

McMANN—At Toronto, on May 14, Maude E. McMann, aged 19 years.

RUSSELL—At Toronto, on May 14, John P. Russell, aged 60 years.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

SATEENS

We are showing this season a very extensive variety of this very desirable and fashionable fabric.

Plain Sateens in every new shade at 12½c. to 15c. per yard.

Popular shades with pretty designs at 15c., worth 20c.

Rare assortment of new patterns and colorings, extra fine finish, at 20c. per yard, worth 30c.

Fine French Sateens, very choice goods. Designs, shades and quality excellent, at 25c. and 30c. per yard.

NEW PRINTS

In these goods our purchases are unusually large, and our price consequently will be considerably lower than in past seasons for same qualities.

New prints in washable colorings at 6½c., 7½c., 8½c. Extra qualities, warranted fast colors, at 10c., 11½c. and 12½c. per yard, at

R. SIMPSON'S, S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

Gentlemen of Toronto

AND VICINITY

Here you can inspect the latest designs for Spring and Summer wear.

Here you can judge of the largeness of our stock for Suitings.

There is much here to delight the eye.

JOHN J. TONKIN

155 Yonge St., cor. Richmond

$23.50

We are selling a

BEDROOM SUITE

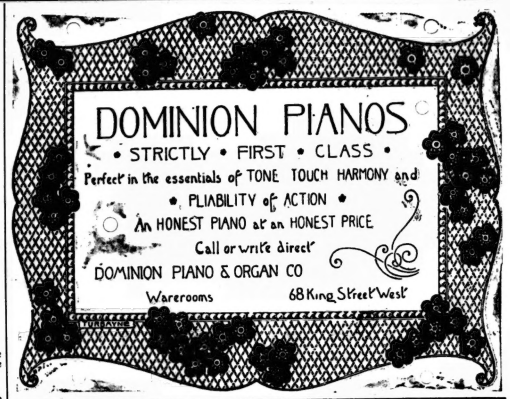
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.

You should secure one of those plums.

R. POTTER & CO.

Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.

Telephone 1384



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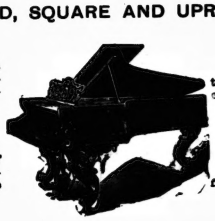
PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments



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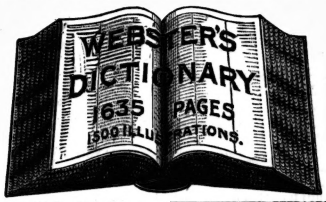
ON

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY



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1,635 Pages

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— Webster's Dictionary - - 5.00
$7.50 FOR $5

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TWICE AS MUCH MONEY

It is reprinted from an edition 12 years later. It is bound STRONGLY and HANDSOMELY — not thrown together. It is printed on PAPER—not pulp board. It will WEAR—not fall to pieces.

It is CHEAPER, LATER and BETTER. It has the patent Index, for which one dollar extra is charged by the regular publishers.

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It also contains a table of 15,000 Synonyms, 11 pages of A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Greek and Latin Proper Names, 47 pages of A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, and 1,500 Pictorial Illustrations.

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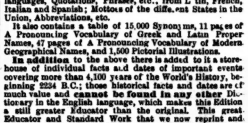

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

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Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

"A good article will always deserve well at the hands of a critical public; a meritorious Piano will bear the most rigid scrutiny."

Mason & Risch PIANOS

Are offered to the public solely on their merits. The manufacturers invite and welcome "The Most Rigid Scrutiny," assured that each unprejudiced investigation will but add fresh laurels.

WAREROOMS - 32 KING ST. WEST, 653 QUEEN ST. WEST

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